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# THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE  
ANNVILLE, PA.

VOL. IV No. 1

OCTOBER 10, 1922

*Vol. 4*

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**"A YANKEE ABROAD."**



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# THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE

ANNVILLE, PA.

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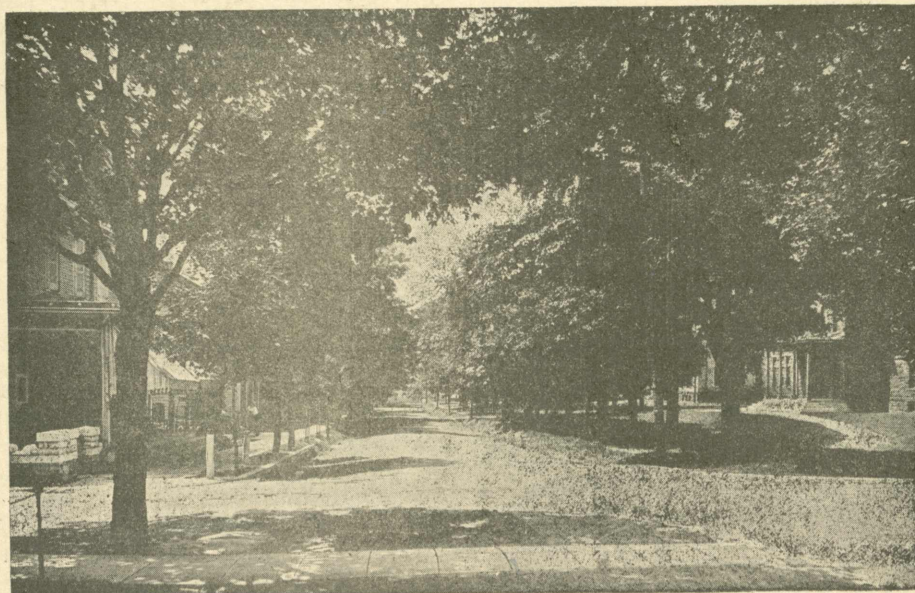
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# Editorial Page

THE CRUCIBLE takes great pleasure in announcing the publication of a book of poems from the pen of Norman C. Schlichter, Litt.D., of the Class of 1897. The book is published by the Gorham Press of Boston, Mass., and is entitled "Children's Voices and Voices of Joy." The first part consists of more than a dozen poems on "The Child in the House." This is followed by a number of poems on "Child Thoughts". The title of the last part of the book is "Voices of Joy".

To the students of the college it will be of interest to know that in his college days Dr. Schlichter was a frequent contributor to the Forum, at that time the monthly literary publication of the institution. These contributions showed poetical ability of a high order, and his many friends among the Alumni were certain that at some time they would have the privilege of reading a collection of poems written in his best vein.

The book begins with a Thanksgiving song with these opening lines

For little acts of kindness done,  
For thoughts of beauty born,  
To blossom all around me in the sun  
With each recurring morn,  
My heart is singing!

For friendship with its ties of gold  
To bind around the soul  
And warm our lonely spirits in the cold  
To see love's aureole,  
My heart is singing!

"Trundle-Bed Town" had been published in "The Youths' Companion." This poem with "Boy Eyes," "Where Baby Sleeps," and "On a Child's Picture" remind one of Eugene Field at his best. Where can there be found a better description than in the following lines from "Boy Eyes"?

Boy eyes! Pure eyes!  
No hint of care,  
They look up above  
To angels who love,  
Boy eyes, pure eyes—  
Baby's at prayer.

Boy eyes! Tired eyes!  
Dreaming truth-deep,  
Head on the pillow,  
Drooped as the willow,  
Boy eyes, tired eyes—  
Baby's asleep.

Of special merit is the poem "On Seeing a Child Pray," which ends as follows:

A child at the feet of our Father in heaven!  
What tender trust and true  
From the baby breast  
Of the Angels' guest  
Is sweeping through the blue.

A child at the feet of our Father in heaven!  
Would I could claim as they  
Of the sinless hand,  
In the Mayday land,  
The Master's ear today!

Rarely in the literature of childhood is the child mind so well interpreted as in the lines on "Stars":

I think the stars too little are  
To carry lamps with light;  
Now wouldn't it be dreadful  
If they'd stumble in the night  
And burn each other, oh, so bad  
No stars would evermore be had!

Does anything in Robert Louis Stevenson surpass this?

Surely Dr. Schlichter has well understood the boy mind in the following:

I love my teacher just enough.  
I would not love her more,  
Lest sometime she might call me back  
When I go out the door.

When we turn to the "Voices of Joy" we find an elevation of spirit and a wholesome optimism that contrasts favorably with much of the writing that passes for poetry in the present day. It is a striking evidence of versatility and of poetic genius that the same writer who penned the child poems in lighter vein could rise to the majestic splendor of thought expressed in the stately lines on "The Susquehanna River at Harrisburg":

Here mountains part to let the river roll  
Eternal toward its salt tumultuous goal;  
The animated beauties of its tide  
A special happy splendor here provide;  
And here the river seems to laugh out story  
Of its previous perfect path of glory  
As if it knew there might be vast delight  
Within these mountains at the lovely sight;  
Then graceful bending, beauty-set, it flows,  
Flows on with sweet enchantment and repose.

Who has not felt what the poet alone could express in the lines on "The Open Hill":

Sometimes the city makes me glad,  
Sometimes her joy can thrill;  
But oh, 'tis not the joy I had  
Upon the open hill.

One of the features of the book is the "Lyrics of Thornhill". Here the poet found inspiration in the scenery and in

"Mildred, Betty,  
Allen and John,  
And the 'Happy Acres'  
They romp upon."

The children to whom the book is dedicated.

But the book must be read through to be appreciated. We are glad that a busy career in the Industrial Work of the Young Men's Christian Association has not dulled the poetic sense of the author. Perchance it was the appeal in the lines entitled "Come back, O spirit of the Mild Content" that called forth new inspiration:

... "Oh, spirit, fly  
Unto my need. Cut short this bitter thrall  
And help me find again my long lost power  
To voice the beauties of the earth and sky."

The book is truly filled with voices of joy, and it is to be hoped that this is but the beginning of the poetical writings of this gifted son of Lebanon Valley College.

"Children's Voices and Voices of Joy," by Norman C. Schlichter. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston, Massachusetts.



# Mirror

## OPENING DAY AT LEBANON VALLEY

"All on your feet now and let's give a Ram-zamma for the faculty." So it was that Lebanon Valley opened on Wednesday, Sept. 20. Every seat in the chapel was occupied when the faculty came in and took their places on the platform.

Dr. Blose opened the exercises with an organ prelude. This was followed by a song by the school, after which Dr. Runk read the Scripture and offered prayer. Dr. Gossard introduced the speaker of the morning, Dr. Statton, of the Pennsylvania Conference. In his talk to the students Dr. Statton gave some good advice to the new ones and some useful hints to those who have been here before. He said one of the greatest assets in life was a charming personality, and college was the place to cultivate one. He urged everyone to make the best of his college education so that he could take his proper place in the world's activities. At the close of Dr. Statton's address Dr. Gossard welcomed the old students as well as the new ones, telling them that if they wished to be successful and make Lebanon Valley a better institution they must all work together for the good of their Alma Mater. After a song by the school, the exercises were over and Lebanon Valley College had opened what is to be the most successful year thus far in the history of the school.

## THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

The faculty, the many students and friends of Lebanon Valley College have reason for rejoicing and congratulation in the reorganization of the Conservatory department and the fresh impetus being given to its activities by its able and enthusiastic director, Dr. Johann M. Blose. In him we find not only exceptional musicianship and the results of an experience as artist, composer, teacher and conductor, but seemingly exhaustless energy and boundless enthusiasm. He is working day and night, not only to build up the musical department, but to place it on a first class basis and materially increase the standards. This will mean better and more effective work among the students, as well as a broader culture along musical lines among the entire student body.

Like all true musical artists, he and his colleagues take the ground that music is a serious and important branch of education, not a pastime nor a mere parlor accomplishment. One of the various means employed to emphasize this thought will be the semi-monthly students' recitals, which have a double purpose: first, to afford all students an opportunity to play in public frequently, and thus overcome the almost universal embarrassed self-consciousness which seriously interferes, in the case of young performers, with successful appearances before audiences; second, to provide for all students an opportunity of hearing many works of considerable value, which they personally have not time to study, thus widening their acquaintance with musical literature.

Another important feature will be the work of the Choral Symphony Society, which will study and present a number of standard choral and instrumental works. Without having had a prac-

tical experience in the study of this class of musical literature, the equipment and abilities of a musician are seriously deplete.

Professor Hardman, the newly engaged head of the Voice department, a graduate of the Conservatory, returns to us with a well-trained voice and several years of successful experience as a teacher in other schools, and his work among us promises the best results.

Professor Campbell is well known as a thoroughly equipped and conscientious teacher of both organ and piano, and is welcomed back by many friends and former pupils.

Sir Edward Baxter Perry comes to us with a reputation as one of the foremost of the world's pianists, with a record of almost three thousand and five hundred recitals in all parts of the United States and in foreign countries in the past, the highest endorsements by the press in all countries, and with a number of years' experience as pianoforte instructor and lecturer on Music, Language and Philosophy. Unquestionably he will prove a most valuable asset to the educational facilities of our College and Conservatory. He is also a composer of note, and his published works are rapidly gaining popularity with the higher musicians and artists.

In view of the above mentioned factors we have every reason for confidence in the rapid upbuilding of the Conservatory, and are glad to express our heartiest wishes and hopes for the same.

## DEPARTMENT OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES

The growing demand for Latin courses in all the universities of the country shows unmistakable signs of a revival of interest in classical studies. L. V. C. intends to keep pace with this movement, and has this year secured Prof. H. Bennett, B.A., Ph.D., to take charge of this department of the college work. Prof. Bennett comes to us from the College of Charleston, Charleston, South Carolina. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto and a Ph.D. of the University of Chicago. During the war he served in France with the Canadian forces.

Dr. Bennett plans to reorganize the Latin department of the college, with a view to making the courses more attractive and interesting. He believes that the use of Latin for purposes of mental discipline should be restricted, for the most part, to High Schools, and that college Latin courses should contain a maximum of cultural, literary training and a minimum of grammatical "grind". To this end he will endeavor to select for reading in class those works which embody the best in Roman literature and which are best adapted for use as a basis for the discussion of ancient mythology, religion, philosophy, politics, and other phases of "the grandeur that was Rome".

Special lecture courses on various phases of ancient civilization will be offered from time to time.

For students who expect to teach Latin after graduation, and therefore wish to make a systematic review of the grammatical principles, Prof. Bennett hopes to be able to offer a special teachers' training course in the Senior year.



# Literary

## THE BYWAYS

In the highways of life there is hurry and stress  
And life is a movement complete  
That fills our veins with stirring flood  
And we feel that living is sweet.  
But when evening comes and the cool night shades  
Fall over a weary earth  
In the byways of life  
That are free from all strife  
We will find true merit and worth.

—C. R. Drummond.

## MAN

Who made the sky of deepest blue,  
Who shaped the trees, the fields, the flowers,  
Who formed the savage beasts of prey,  
And fashioned Nature's quiet bowers?  
He, Creator of a universe,  
The maker of the sea and land,  
Made also thee—His masterpiece—  
The work of His almighty hand.

## SQUEAKING BOARDS AT MIDNIGHT

No, I am not a Sherlock Holmes. Nor am I a burglar who prowls about in the night. And naturally you ask, "Then what do you know about squeaking boards at midnight?" But, my dear reader, let me tell you that the average college girl usually knows as much about squeaking boards as she knows about, well—trigonometry.

You may think that "squeaks is squeaks." But she understands a board's friendly squeak. And she recognizes the horrible squeak which tells her that an ill wind blows for her. Indeed, she is a connoisseur of squeaking boards.

Until recently I considered myself a complete judge of squeaks at midnight. Only once did I mistake a creak for a squeak. But now I am resigned to the fact that squeaks are sometimes misleading or even untruthful, or else the high and mighty one, who keeps a close vigil on unsuspecting girls, whether it be midnight, noon or morning, has learned the art better than we have. I suppose she says, as she steps on the creaking board: "Breathe out slowly, thinking of tone, little board, and be sure to send it over a curve." At any rate, I hate squeaking boards. And this is the reason:

It was one evening not long before the Christmas holidays, that several Senior girls gathered in our room for a midnight feed. And as we ate we chatted about pleasant things. Suddenly, some one heard a squeak—and a foreboding squeak it was! The visitors crept silently to their respective rooms, and we were left alone to face the ordeal. We waited. Nothing happened. And still we waited. Finally we came to the conclusion that we must have been mistaken, when suddenly we heard another squeak. This time it was such a friendly, mischievous squeak. My room-mate whispered, "It is only that crowd of girls trying to frighten us." I agreed in a whisper, and again the little board squeaked. I went to the door without a sound, turned the knob gently, banged open the door and bawled out, "Caught you that time." And

there in the doorway, garbed in a red kimono, stood the high and mighty one.

I need not relate the sad consequences. But I repeat, I hate squeaking boards, day or night, but I hate them extremely at midnight.

## THE MILLINERY OF THE CHOIR

Men often boast that they don't care about style, and they criticize the women,—poor victims of fate—because they pay such strict attention to form. Well, they make me tired! Men are fortunate not to have to wear hats, for while some women do enjoy flaunting a new hat in a jealous neighbor's face, there are others who would give their last penny in this old world to be able to go to church without a hat, and not be criticized for it. I am one of them. I hate hats. Sit in the choir loft in full view of a devout Christian audience (?) wearing the same old hat week after week, and folks begin to wonder whether you are too tight to buy a new one. Wear a new one, and they nearly gawk their eyes out, or get cross-eyed trying to see if it is trimmed with ribbon or braid, and whether it wouldn't look better tilted to one side. If you wear a big hat, the prima donna sitting next, kicks, because she can't see the preacher, when all the time you know she doesn't really want to see him, but just wants to attract attention to the handsome chicken feather on her new hat.

I'd like to choke the fellow, and it must have been a man, that made it fashionable—bah! that hateful word—and proper for a woman to wear a hat to church. If it is reverent for a man to enter a sacred place with bared head, why isn't it for a woman?

You say, "Well then, go without hats, and troubles will cease." Oh, no! they don't. They only begin. Suppose you were in a choir which had always been accustomed to leave their hats at home, anywhere but on their heads during the hottest part of the summer, and the new Rev. Jones, a kind and generous man, was perfectly willing that you should continue the custom, and then suppose you went into church and took your place, feeling light enough to fly, and Mrs. Jones, the new minister's wife, nearly died from shock and chagrin to think how worldly the young folks were becoming, that they had lost all reverence for sacred things. And then to "top it off" the next week at church Rev. Jones would tell the choir he much prefers them to wear hats, it is so much more dignified. Later you overhear Mrs. Jones telling one of the members that she could not sleep all night last Sunday because the choir had not worn hats. Come without hats? No, you wouldn't. We tried it and it did not work.

So now we come to church, in winter and summer, wearing big hats or little hats, old hats or new hats, and if people stare, we just let them stare, because they will anyhow.

Esther B.—"What are you thinking about, Frances?"

Frances Durbin—"Nothing. You see, I have so much mental power that the force of it carries me right along without thinking."

Ruth Harpel—"Some force!"



# Alumni Notes

## WHEREABOUTS OF THE CLASS OF '22

Harold Bender, A.B., will pursue further study at the Hahnemann Medical College. At present he is confined to his home with scarlet fever, but expects to leave for school in about two weeks.

Alta Bortz, A.B., is teaching in her home town, Lebanon.

Miriam Cassel, B.S., is teaching Science in the Palmyra High School.

Russell Bowman, A.B., is teaching in the Normal School located at Edinborough, Penna. This past summer he toured Europe, returning the ninth of September. He was late for school but had his absence excused.

Meta Burbeck, A.B., took up some studies at Columbia University this past summer. She is not teaching at present.

Dwight Daugherty, A.B., is teaching in one of the suburban High Schools of Philadelphia, and at the same time taking up special work at the University.

Warren Fake, A.B., is taking up the study of medicine.

Earle Gingrich, A.B., is a teacher in the High School at Conneaut, Ohio.

Gertrude Gingrich, A.B., is teaching at Alden, N. Y.

Maryland Glenn, A.B., is teaching English and History in the Newton High School, N. J.

Ethel Hartz, A.B., is a teacher in the Downingtown High School.

Marion Heffelman and Erdine Larew both received A.B. degrees and are now teaching in the High School at Cardiff, Md.

Meyer Herr, A.B., is a teacher in Annville High.

Josephine Hershey, A.B., is teaching Spanish and English in the Pleasantville High School.

Ruth Hiester, A.B., is teaching at Felton, Delaware.

Ethel Lehman, A.B., is now teaching in a High School in West Virginia.

Adam Miller, A.B., is working for the Lebanon Paper Box Co.

Rodney Kreider, A.B., is working for his father, who has a garage in Annville.

Pearl Seitz, Public School Music and Voice. is teaching music at Point Pleasant, N. J.

Russell Shadel, A.B., is a teacher of Science in Williamstown High.

Effie Hibbs, B.S., is teaching Science in the High School at Chester, Pa.

Josephine Stine, A.B., teaches English at Williamstown.

Rhodes Stabley, A.B., is continuing study at Princeton University. He also toured Europe, one of the "Quartette" from L. V. C.

Mrs. Anna Nissley, 88 N. 18th street, has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Mary Nissley, to Edwin M. Rhoades, 125 North Eighteenth street, at a party given in honor of the Misses Kreider, of Lebanon. Miss Nissley is a graduate of Lebanon Valley College, and is employed at present at the Union Trust Company. Mr. Rhoades is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Rhoades, of Hershey, and is a student at Princeton Theological Seminary. The wedding will take place in the spring.

In a rather unique ceremony, in which the bride was both given away and married by her father, Miss Louisa I. Williams, class of 1918, daughter of Reverend and Mrs. A. E. Williams, became the bride of Mr. Charles Henry Yardley, of Philadelphia, in the Second Street Evangelical Church at Etnaus, Pa., at eleven o'clock on September 22. Mrs. Elizabeth Gallatin Snoko, '18, of Washington, played the wedding march.

After a wedding tour to New York State and New England points, Mr. and Mrs. Yardley will be at home at 45 N. Sixty-third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Williams for the last two years taught English in the Allentown High School. Mr. Yardley is a graduate of Swarthmore College and a member of Pennsylvania Kappa Phi Delta Theta. At present he is with Lybrand, Ross Brothers and Montgomery, an accounting firm in Philadelphia.

We appreciate Mr. N. C. Schlichter's renewal of the subscription to "Contemporary Verse" in the library. A volume of his poems is also there.

The Rev. George W. Hallman, '17, was appointed pastor of First Church of United Brethren in Christ, of Harrisburg, Pa. His address will be 238 Herr Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

The Reverend P. M. Holdeman, '11, after a three years' pastorate at Elizabethtown, Pa., has been appointed pastor of Jonestown. His new address is Jonestown, Pa.

James L. Gingrich, '22, is professor of History in Parkers City High School. His address is Parkers City, Pa.

The Rev. J. C. Deitzler has been appointed pastor of Tower City United Brethren Church. His address will be Tower City, Pa.

Harvey K. Geyer, A.B., 1919, will continue his pastorate of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ at Miamisburg, O. He graduated from Bonebrake Seminary in the Class of '22.

The Reverend C. H. Holzinger, '16, continues his pastorate for the fifth year at Lancaster Otterbein Church of United Brethren in Christ. His address is 729 N. Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.

Isaac F. Boughter is professor of History and Economics in Salem College. His address is Box 11, Salem, W. Va.

The Reverend R. E. Morgan, '08, was appointed to Grantville charge, Church of United Brethren in Christ. His address will be Hershey, Pa.

Edwin M. Rhoad, '22, is a student in Princeton Theological Seminary. His address is Alexander Hall, Room 11, Princeton, N. J.

The Reverend S. T. Dundore, '19, a graduate of Bonebrake Theological Seminary in the class of '22, has been appointed to the pastorate of Elizabethtown Church of United Brethren in Christ. His address will be Elizabethtown, Pa.

Raymond S. Heberling, '19, was married on Sept. 6 to Miss Elizabeth Perigo, of Westfield, Ill. Both were members of the class of '22 in Bonebrake Theological Seminary. They will be at home after October the fifth at 506 Oaklawn, Wyoming Park, Grand Rapids, Michigan. The Reverend will be pastor of the Grand Rapids Church of the United Brethren in Christ.



# Activities

## THE STUDENTS' RECEPTION

The first social activity of the year in which the whole school participated was held Saturday evening, September the twenty-third, at eight o'clock. A reception is given in the beginning of each year for all the faculty and students. It is really an "ice-breaker", because the main object of the party is to have everybody meet everybody else, and thus become acquainted with one's associates for the coming year. The Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. take this way to formally introduce them to each other.

The reception this year was held, as usual, in the Alumni Gymnasium, which was gayly decorated with the college colors and class pennants and banners of the four literary societies. While the students passed along the receiving line, making and renewing acquaintances with the members of the faculty, a Victrola played constantly, which added to the pleasure of the evening. After everybody had gathered together in the lower floor of the "gym", Mr. Ralph Boyer, president of the Y. M. C. A., announced that the faculty could rest while the students played a "get acquainted" game, in which every student with a partner had a chance to talk for a few seconds with every other couple in the room. After this, things progressed better, and everybody felt more comfortable. The following program was then given: Short addresses of welcome by Mr. Ralph Boyer, president of the Y. M. C. A., and by Miss Della Herr, president of the Y. W. C. A.; selections by the Men's Glee Club; readings by Misses Mae Reeves and Edna Baker; followed by words of welcome and outlines of the work carried on by each of the following organizations: Dramatic Society, by Miss Kathryn Kratzert; Mathematical Round Table, by Mr. Heber Mutch; Men's Senate, by Mr. Richard Smith; Women's Student Government Association, by Miss Esther Brunner; Clionian Literary Society, by Miss Lucile Shenk; Kalozetean Literary Society, by Mr. William Wenner; Delphian Literary Society, by Miss Mae Reeves; Philokosmian Literary Society, by Mr. Raymond Hutchinson; and the Student Volunteer Band, by Miss Eleanor Sheaffer. After the program a social hour was spent, during which refreshments were served.

Everybody left the reception declaring they had had a fine time and were ready to take up the work of the year, because they felt they knew everybody just a little better and felt more "at home," as everybody must feel if they want to enjoy and get the most out of college life at dear old L. V. C.

? ? ? ? ?

Why does Weiser miss the last car so often?  
What's the attraction, Bill?

Why does Boyer visit Lebanon so often?

Where did Geyer, '25, get that piece of blue cloth? Ask Lookins, he knows.

Why does Kathrine Balsbaugh look so lonely?

Who sleeps on the fire escape of North Hall?  
Ask Troutman, '25.

Do freshmen like water?

Who knows Snitz? Ask Carmie.

## Y. W. C. A. CABINET ENTERTAIN FACULTY LADIES AND NEW GIRLS

Thursday, September 21, the ladies' parlor, North Hall, was the scene of a most enjoyable hour. From without could be heard strains of music, mingled with outbursts of laughter, thus assuring any passerby that the participants within were, at least, a jolly crowd.

It was the privilege of those present to enjoy the conventional cup of tea from the hands of Mrs. Gossard and Madam Green.

But somehow we imagine that the attention of the freshmen guests was divided, for they, rather oddly attired, could not help thinking of those ruffled and dainty dresses, which for good reasons were not worn. We wonder if they were philosophizing on that important subject, "The Advantage of a Handicap." Yet it seems as though every one ought to enjoy an occasional journey back to childhood.

Notwithstanding the excellency of the guests, there were some lemons present. But we are glad to say that they were sweetened ones.

Yet in the midst of enjoyment there was heard some criticism. But, we suppose that it is only natural that every lassie should want her laddie.

It is true, that the aim of this social hour was, that all should have a good time. But most of all, that the faculty ladies, and the new girls, might become acquainted.

We hope, and also feel, that all were greatly enriched for having the pleasure of meeting such splendid ladies, and enjoying their friendship.

## STUDENT VOLUNTEERS

The Student Volunteers of Lebanon Valley College hold meetings each week, for the purpose of prayer, and fellowship with God. Their desire is to become better acquainted with Him, in order that they may be able to give Him to others. A very interesting program is being planned for the coming year, the aim of which is to help the members of the band in their preparation for the work to which they have been called.

The Volunteers of this college were represented at a Student Volunteer Conference, held at Ursinus College, September 9th and 10th, by Miss Eleanor Sheaffer, one of the members. Student Volunteers from fourteen different colleges were there, as well as four members of the executive committee of the Eastern Union of Student Volunteers. The associations with these students and leaders were very helpful and uplifting.

The Volunteer Band is looking forward to the visit of Miss Mary J. Baker, one of the traveling secretaries, to Lebanon Valley. It is sincerely hoped that her visit here, on October 3rd and 4th, may be beneficial to all. Miss Baker attended the recent conference at Ursinus, and promises to be a very interesting guest.

Weik (to a Frosh sucking a lemon through a stick of candy)—"What are you going to do when the lemon gives out?"

Frosh—"Look at you."



## PHILO

School had scarcely commenced when, on the evening of the first Friday of the college year, the Philokosmian Literary Society held its first literary session of the term. Once again Philo Hall was filled with college men. Pres. Boyer gave his inaugural address. His invigorating and inspirational speech is but an indication of the spirit in which he will exercise the duties of the chair during his term of office.

The following program was rendered:

1922 Football Possibilities.....R. H. Smith  
My Summer Experience .....G. P. Cooley  
Piano Solo.....Donald Fields  
Debate: Resolved, That any intervention in the Greek-Turkish contest on the part of one or more of the Allied powers would be justified. Affirmative, R. E. Allen; Negative, R. Hutchinson.  
Reading.....C. C. Smith  
Living Thoughts.....J. Stumbach

The numbers on the program were well prepared, considering the shortness of the time of preparation. Much credit is due the Executive Committee for its action in starting the work of the society so promptly. Philo is vigorously alive. Plans are being formed for the renovation of the hall. During this school term Philo intends to make society life very intense and of the utmost value to every individual concerned.

To the men of the new class we may state that the Philokosmian Literary Society is an organization whose chief aim is the betterment and general development of every man at L. V. It is an organization where the young men of today are trained to be the leaders of tomorrow. There is always a welcome for everyone at its literary sessions. Men of good standing who wish to become members of the society may do so by communicating their desire to some member.

## KALO

The Kalozetean Literary Society, according to all indications, has entered into the most successful year in its history. Kalos have returned from their summer vacation, full of hope and ambition, and jammed full of new ideas. The atmosphere in Kalo Hall is charged with pep and enthusiasm for the coming year and an active faith in our motto: "No Palms Without Dust," is being shown on every hand.

The incoming student body is showing a marked interest in literary work. We feel that this year should be a banner year for both societies. With such a stimulus we are looking eagerly forward to the bright prospects in view.

Kalo, apart from the parliamentary and oratorical training, aims for the development of the aesthetic nature of man, whether in literature, drama, music or religion. But general political and social conditions and the welfare of our Alma Mater also lie close to the heart of every true Kalo. We cannot but feel pride in the fact that men of various religious faiths are to be found in our society, working together with a spirit of brotherly toleration for the betterment of Kalo, of our Alma Mater, and of mankind generally.

The two snappy programmes thus far rendered portray the general character of our work. This, however, does not include our joint ses-

sions or special feature programmes. There is no doubt that our literary sessions will be both beneficial and of special interest to new men. We most cordially invite all men students to visit our hall any Friday evening.

## CLIO

Cleo, Clio,  
Sis Boom Bah!  
Reo, Rio,  
Rah! rah! rah!

Clio is looking forward this year to one of the most successful years she has ever known. 1922-23, she believes, is going to mark a high line of achievement in her life, and she is willing to put into her work every bit of energy, enthusiasm and pep that can be mustered in a group of some fifty girls.

Up to the present time Clio has rendered two programs. The first one, given on Sept. 22, in honor of the Freshmen girls, consisted of a formal program followed by a representation of a negro wedding. The latter part was presented with much realism, especially where the "pahson" bid Clionians and guests to partake of the wedding feast. A social hour followed, in which the Clionians and the new girls became better acquainted.

The second program was given on Sept. 29, in Clio Hall. A picture of the lives and customs of the first inhabitants of our country, the Indians, was forcibly presented in an interesting, entertaining and instructive manner. The effectiveness of the program was enhanced by well planned costumes.

The Clionian girls were well satisfied with their first efforts, and hope to play a vital part in the life of L. V. C. this year. They welcome all visitors to their meetings, held each Friday evening at seven o'clock in Clio Hall.

## DELPHIAN

Dame Rumor reported that there is going to be an orchestra in L. V. C. this year. The Delphians heard the news during the first week of school, just when they were planning to hold a party for the girls who are new students in our college. Immediately they decided to schedule this orchestra for its first engagement.

As the night of the party drew near, worry and anxiety were written all over the faces of the Delphian members, for no one, as yet, had seen or heard a sign of an orchestra anywhere near here, not even in all Annville. At last, the girls held a conference, but everyone was of the same opinion: they could not give their entertainment without its special feature. Something had to be done, and done quickly—but what? Well, the result of it all was that the party was held just as they had planned. An orchestra was there, too; not the college orchestra, which still exists in the vast unknown, but the Delphian Orchestra.

This new organization consisted of the following seven members: the Misses Helen Hughes, Kathryn Kratzert, Rachel Heindel, Kathryn Balbaugh, Susan Zeigler, Florence Seifried, and Isabelle Smith. They all wore blue and white uniforms, elaborately decorated with knives, forks, and spoons. The instruments were all taken from the chef's kitchen utensils. For that reason, they called themselves "The Kitchen Cabi-



net Orchestra." The audience was well pleased with this musical band's first performance.

Their program consisted of several orchestral selections and a few solos: Miss Balsbaugh's "saw and butcher knife" violin solo was quite an achievement, as well as was Miss Seifried's exhibition of the "rolling pin" trombone. Between the various numbers the rest of the Delphians took part in extemporaneous speeches and charades. The evening sped by rapidly, and both the old and the new girls left the party feeling that they had been well entertained by the Delphian Literary Society and its new orchestra.

#### Y. W. C. A.

On Sunday afternoon, September the twenty-fourth, a crowd of girls assembled in North Hall parlor for the purpose of attending the first Y. W. meeting of this new school year.

The program was not lengthy and elaborate, but simple, short, and seriously effective. After the opening song, Scripture lesson, and prayer, Miss Della Herr, president of the Y. W. C. A., talked to the girls in a sincere, friendly way, about the influence which their lives will have upon others during the coming year. She then read aloud the aims of the association and extended a welcome to all the new girls. The two special numbers on the program were a vocal solo by Miss Mabel Silver and a piano solo by Miss Ruth Baker. The meeting drew to a close as the girls all joined in singing that beautiful, inspiring song, "Follow the Gleam."

The Cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. entertained the new students at a tea on the twenty-first of September. Although the guests were dressed in a rather striking manner—due to the commands of the exacting Sophomores—the peculiarities of their costumes did not hinder the enjoyment of the hour. Even their unusual actions—also the results of Sophomore discipline—were overlooked, and everyone, including the wives of the Faculty, the Cabinet, and the Freshmen girls, spent a pleasant afternoon together.

After the Freshmen had been greeted by the members of the Cabinet and introduced to the Faculty's wives, a short program was given in their honor. At the close of Miss Herr's welcome address, Miss Mae Reeves gave one of her always entertaining readings. This was followed by an exceptionally good solo by Miss Dorothy Sholly. Another fine reading by Miss Kathryn Kratzert concluded the program. Tea was then served, and the rest of the time was spent in a delightful social hour.

#### Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has started the year with a bang! There is no doubt that with the well-trained and efficient members of the cabinet and co-operation on the part of every "Y" man, this year will be the most eventful and most successful of all years since the Y. M. C. A. was first organized at L. V. C.

Mr. Boyer, president of the Y. M., has proved his ability as a leader and organizer by the way he put the "bang" into the first Y. M. outing of the year, a Fox Chase. He has instituted the group system, which will add to the interest of the programme for the year. The three groups, as they were arranged for the Fox Chase, will

remain so arranged for the remainder of the term.

The programme includes various athletic events such as tennis, basketball, volley ball and quoit tournaments, in which teams representing the three groups will compete. The group having the most games to its credit will receive as a prize a silver shield which will be placed in the "Y" room.

Besides the athletic programme, special emphasis will be laid upon the religious side of the student's life. Prayer meetings will be held weekly. Once every month a special Men's Meeting will be held, when prominent men from all walks of life and from various parts of the United States will speak.

The weekly prayer meetings and monthly Men's Meetings will be so highly educational and so greatly helpful that no man can possibly afford to miss them. Then, too, the attendance at these meetings will either add to or detract from the credit of the groups when the Merit Shield is awarded.

Help your group along—come to every meeting! Give your best to the group to which you belong!

#### THE Y. M. C. A. FOX CHASE

Did you ever see a pan of pop-corn on a good hot stove? Did you notice how the whole mass just heaves and tumbles as each grain explodes? If you did, you couldn't help but think of it as you watched the crowd of 100 fellows gathered on the campus on the evening of Sept. 21. We were all "a-poppin'" with enthusiasm and eagerness to get a good start on the fox. We were divided into three groups captained by "Birdie" Renn, Edgar Whistler and Guy Faust respectively. The fox was "released" at 6:30 o'clock, and we were told that he would drop bits of paper at regular intervals, so that we could trail him; the group that first discovered the fox would be given a prize. We gave him a ten minute start and then each "pack" set out to pick up the trail. Each group set out in a different direction, and each was equally certain that they were on the right "scent". In due time the beginning of the trail was discovered and all three groups were hot in pursuit. Leading us through a maze of byways and tangled brush near the "Quittie" the trail finally ended near Lover's Leap so we knew that the fox must be in hiding somewhere near. Flashlights were busy everywhere searching out every bush, tree or pile of rock, while calls for "Number One's", "Number Two's" or "Number Three's" were constantly heard. It was a member of the "Number Three pack" who finally discovered the fox. The prize, until then kept secret, was found to be a five-pound box of chocolates. It was soon distributed among the "threes" while a roaring fire was built to start the program for the evening. Mr. Boyer, the president of the "Y", gave us a short talk, after which a series of contests was held. The first was a group song, next a reading by a member of each group, and the third contest a vocal solo by one of each group. Professors Gingrich and Bender, who were present, acted as judges, and awarded first place to Group Two in the group song, to Group Three in the reading, and to Group One in the vocal solo.

Next in order were the eats. Quite a number of the fellows had noticed a keg in the back-



ground, and this was now brought forward. It was the famous "cider barrel". Everybody soon fell in line and as we passed the "feeding station" each one was handed a portion of cheese, pretzels, cakes, and a cup of cider. Of course there were seconds for each while the keg was being constantly tapped. Songs were rendered by the various groups to keep everybody interested. Almost too soon, it seemed, the fire—and eats too—had faded, and we decided to return to the Dorm. Upon reaching Main Street we formed a long line, single file, and proceeded to let the town know that the "Y" was just returning from a jolly good time. An "Alma Mater" on the square and a serenade to the girls of South and North Halls ended the evening's hike, and a well satisfied "pack" returned to the Dorm.

### SENIOR HIKE

It was just the kind of a night for a hike, warm, a yellow moon and a starlit sky. The Seniors, with all the dignity assumed after three years at Lebanon Valley, met at North Hall and hiked to Kauffman's church.

A delightful spot was chosen in the woods near by, and the gallants soon had a roaring fire. Every one gathered around the blazing logs and roasted "doggies", which, when hot, were smuggled into buttered rolls and eaten with relish. Next in order were the toasted marshmallows, which, placed between butterthins, almost melted in one's mouth. Needless to say, every member of '23 heartily participated in this enjoyment.

Mr. Boyer entertained us very cleverly by reviewing the history of the class, and prophesied for '23 a brilliant future. Then the singing of college songs made the woods ring.

The same "pep" and enthusiasm characterize the class of '23 as in the old days. We all realized that it was the last time our class would enjoy a hike together.

Under the charming chaperonage of Professor and Mrs. Grimm and "Coach" Hollinger the Seniors wended their way homeward from the last hike.

### JUNIOR HIKE

The Class of Twenty-four held the annual Junior Class hike on Wednesday, Sept. 27th. At seven o'clock the girls of the class led the way up Main street in a snake dance. The boys followed, each bearing a diminutive watermelon.

Arriving at Bachman's Woods, the objective, a fire was built and a brisk and snappy program was carried out. After the program the watermelons and marshmallows were the centre of attraction. They didn't last long!

Professor T. Bayard Beatty gave a few reminiscences of his recent European tour. They were listened to with far greater attention than the professor ever received in his class room.

Eventually Junior dignity and Junior cares were cast to the winds and Junior boys and girls all harked back to childhood days via "Three Deep," "Drop the Handkerchief," "Truth or Consequences," and "Farmer in the Dell." The inevitable "sing" of college and popular songs around the dying fire followed. The moon and the Juniors did the rest, but we cannot give exact details.

### THE SOPHOMORE HIKE

After much discussion as to whether the announcement in chapel meant the Frosh or Soph Class hike, the "Sophs" decided to have their outing Monday evening, September the twenty-fifth. The "eats" were all taken out to a tea house near Killinger's Meadow, in order to evade searching freshmen. After supper about an hour was spent in following groups of freshmen to discover whether they were also planning to hike. As seven o'clock drew near, crowds of Sophs could be seen wending their way toward the bridge at the end of town. As soon as the chaperons, Professors Bender and Hollinger and Professor and Mrs. Gingrich, arrived, they all set out, a lively crowd, ready for whatever might happen as the evening progressed.

Walking along the pike, they soon came to the second bridge and turned to the left along the creek. It seemed to be a place just made for the end of a hike, with a spring near by and the moon making a silvery path across the creek. The boys gathered wood and made a fire, and everybody was getting ready to roast the first "dogs" when some one cried that the freshmen boys were coming.

In a moment down they rushed, seeming many more at first than there really were. They demanded the "eats", but they had disappeared as soon as the first signal was given. The girls grabbed the lemonade bucket and stood around it, attempting to avoid suspicion, the "doggies" found a cool resting place in the creek, but what had become of Weik with the rolls? Surely, he had gone up along the creek, in which direction the freshmen boys were now searching. Would they get him and thus have the satisfaction of having taken some of our things? No, they are returning, but with nothing. After some more scrapping, into which even the girls entered, as a certain freshman boy who landed in the creek will testify, and after trying to tear the fire apart, they finally went away, a forsaken-looking crowd.

After it was a sure thing that they had gone, things were gathered together, the "doggies" taken from the creek, which did not hurt them at all, and soon Weik came up, soaking wet because he had been lying in the creek while the freshmen boys were near him, but carrying the buns intact. Now the party really began. While eating, the freshmen boys were much talked of, and were the cause of lots of fun.

A short impromptu program was then given, as follows: Speeches by Professor Bender, Professor and Mrs. Gingrich and "Jo" Hollinger, songs by first the boys and then the girls, several readings and jokes by any member of the party, followed by school songs and yells ending with the Alma Mater. The hikers then started home, singing and cheering as they went. After giving several sophomore yells on the campus, the girls went to their rooms and to bed, while the boys started searching over campus and "dorm" to find something or other to sleep on.

Everybody declared they had the best time ever, even though the freshmen did try to break up the hike, but only succeeded in giving excitement to the Sophomores.

Floorwalker—"Looking for something, Miss?"

Greiner, '24—"Husband."

Floorwalker—"First aisle to your left—male order department."



## THE FRESHMAN HIKE

On Wednesday evening, September 21, the Freshmen, according to the annual custom, took their hike. Since none of them were hungry that evening, they did not appear in the dining-room at supper time, but strolled about the town in groups. Towards seven o'clock, the time appointed to meet at the east end of Maple street, the Freshmen had an exciting time getting assembled. After seeking refuge in the homes of kind friends and prowling through corn fields to escape detection by the Sophomores, who were scouting around, the Freshmen at last got together, ready to start, soon after seven o'clock.

It was as perfect a moonlight night as one could wish to take a hike, and they had a very pleasant hike to a pretty spot in a woods about three miles northeast of Annville. Here the boys gathered wood and built a fire for roasting "doggies" and toasting marshmallows. Sitting around the fire and eating sandwiches, pretzels and marshmallows, the Freshmen got much better acquainted with their classmates than they had previously. That is one of the main purposes of a Freshman hike, that the Freshmen may get to know and like each other as soon as possible.

Later there was a short extemporaneous program, a reading, "Between Two Loves," by one of the girls, and a quartette of the boys sang "In the Evening by the Moonlight," and the class sang a number of songs.

After hiking home in the moonlight the Freshies arrived at their dormitories about half-past ten, and the boys, we have reason to believe, got a warm reception. Though a trifle tired and dusty, after their hike, the Freshmen all agreed that they had had a most enjoyable evening, and were looking forward with pleasure to other hikes which they hope to take in the future.

## 1922 FOOTBALL PROSPECTS

Second formation—right—5, 28, 41,—13, 26—the ball is snapped—the full-back goes thru tackle for an eight yard gain—that's knocking them for a row, boys—only two more yards to go! The old "pigskin" is again being carried, passed, and kicked up and down the gridiron. The season for the greatest of all American academic games is in full sway—the boys have donned the moleskins and are fighting to defend the traditions and make history for their respective Alma Maters upon the gridiron.

What are Lebanon Valley's prospects for the season of 1922? A Philadelphia paper stated recently that "Lebanon Valley, with Army, Georgetown, and Penn State scheduled for successive Saturdays, had a trio before them that would test the strength of the best teams in the country." True, that is a big proposition to back up against, but the prospects are bright, and we are going to put up some hard fights. Remember that last year we held Georgetown to a 7-0 score and that this year, with all of last year's letter men back excepting "Nuts" Homan and Fake, we have practically the same squad from which to build up a team. With the experience gained from last year we are going to give a good account of ourselves.

A week before school began, Captain Ferd. Beck issued a call to about twenty-five men to

report for preliminary practice. This group, composed of last year's men and some new candidates who looked like contenders for regular berths, went to Mt. Gretna to begin training. There they lived in tents and had daily practice to work out the stiffness that had accumulated during the summer months. After a week of this outdoor life and practice, it was time for the opening of school and they returned, to begin practice on the home field.

This squad of huskies was soon increased by the addition of a bunch of last year's scrub players and some new men. Now there are about fifty candidates reporting daily to Coach Wilder. After the squad had gone through a few days practice, an invitation was received to scrimmage with the University of Penn's squad that was training at Mt. Gretna. It was accepted, and the results were better than expected, for we held them in fine style. A second scrimmage took place with Penn the latter part of the first week of school, and again we made a good showing.

Our team received a blow when Captain Beck had a bone in his left hand broken during the scrimmage with Penn. That puts him out of the game for a while, and the team will miss him. However, we are hoping to see "Ferdie" back in the line-up in time for the Penn State game.

At the time of this writing, the team is on its way to the Army. Let's take a look at the bunch. "Jerry" Frock, a new man who is expected to fill the hole made by the absence of "Bull" Behman, who was one of the mainstays of the team for three seasons, is showing fine form, and is surely an exceptional center. Frock and Beahm, who will no doubt play full-back, are expected to back up the line in great style. With Captain Beck on the injured list, his position as guard will very likely be filled by Musser, who held down the center position last year. "Fat" Lauster is again showing his old time pep and fighting spirit at guard. "Eddie" Whistler is sure of his berth at tackle again, and we all know what "Eddie" can do. "Joe" Danker looks good for the tackle. Renn, Burtner, Rupp, and Herb are showing very good form, and are sure of getting into the game. With this gang of huskies rounded off by Clarkin, Herlman or Snavelly at ends, Lebanon Valley has a line-up that is stronger than it has been for some time. The backfield, though not heavy, is showing the necessary speed. "Hennie" Homan is again calling signals, and we all know the ability "Hennie" possesses. "Zeke" Perry will also get in as quarterback. With "Bill" Wolfe, "Dick" Smith, "Bill" Wueschinski, and Porte Wolfe to pick from for the half-backs and "Chief" Metoxin and Beahm for full-backs, we will have a back-field that is going to show some exceptional scoring ability.

With a team like that, we are looking forward to a successful season for Lebanon Valley. When we play teams in our class the results are bound to be in favor of our own Alma Mater. Let's get back of the team and give it our support. When the team plays at home we must show them that we are back of them. Without the students to cheer and back them up the team cannot show any fight. So let's turn out 100 per cent strong and make the air ring with cheers for the boys. That is what Lebanon Valley has lacked for some time—organized cheering at the games. Here's hoping that we will have some real cheering in evidence this year.



Lebanon Valley's 1922 football schedule is as follows:

Sept. 30—West Point Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.  
Oct. 7—Georgetown University at Washington, D. C.  
Oct. 14—Penn State at State College.  
Oct. 21—St. Joseph's College at Annville.  
Oct. 28—Washington College at Harrisburg.  
Nov. 4—Juniata at Lebanon.  
Nov. 11—Susquehanna University at Lebanon.  
Nov. 18—Lehigh University at Bethlehem.  
Nov. 25—Gettysburg College at Gettysburg.

It can be seen that Manager "Nig" Faust has arranged a strong schedule for his team, but he is confident that the team is equal to the occasion. We are quite sure of that ourselves. It's up to us, though, to give the team our support. Here's to a successful season for the defenders of the traditions of our Alma Mater upon the gridiron.

### SCRUB DOPE

Lebanon Valley scrubs played Lebanon High School on their home field on Saturday, Sept. 23. Lebanon High, with a team that has been playing together for several years, succeeded in scoring two touchdowns against the scrubs. That is not to be looked upon as a bad defeat, for most of the players on our scrub "eleven" are new to Lebanon Valley's system. With more practice and experience we are looking forward to some victories for the scrubs.

The scrubs have been doing splendid work this year in helping to round out the "Varsity" and get it in shape for a tough schedule. There is some promising talent on the scrub squad, and we are glad to see so many candidates out for the team. Let's get the old fight back, boys. The scrubs had a good season last year, considering the teams they were bucked up against. With the new material available, the scrubs are bound to show the teams of their class how to put the old pigskin over the line.

### LEBANON VALLEY HOLDS ARMY TO 12-0 SCORE

Lebanon Valley opened the football season on Saturday, September thirtieth, by holding the strong West Point team to two touchdowns on the Army's home field! The cadets had a hard time "putting it over" on the Pennsylvania team. Although outweighed, our men gave them strong opposition, and our defense was pierced for only two touchdowns, which came in the second and third quarters. If Captain Beck had been in the line-up to do the punting, the score might have run to a different tune. The captain is on the injured list, and consequently our team lacked a good punter and was handicapped. Danker and Wueschinski featured for Lebanon Valley, while Gillmore and Lawrence were the brilliants on the Army eleven.

Lebanon Valley can well feel proud of the results of the first contest against a team which has been selected from the best athletes of the land. The boys did fine work, and we are looking forward to the Georgetown game with great eagerness. We made a good start, and we can feel confident that this season will be a successful one.

Let's keep up the pep and pile up a bunch of victories for Lebanon Valley!

### Line-up:

Heilman.....	Left end .....	Doyle
Danker.....	Left tackle .....	Stowel
Renn.....	Left guard .....	Storick
Rock.....	Center .....	Dietrich
Lauster .....	Right guard.....	Stewart
Burtner .....	Right tackle .....	Pitzer
Clarkin .....	Right end .....	Reeder
Homan.....	Quarter back .....	Whitson
Krause.....	Left half .....	Douthitt
Wueschinski.....	Right half .....	Dodd
Boehm .....	Full back .....	Lawrence

Substitutes: Lebanon Valley—Musser for Renn, Smith for Krause, Whistler for Burtner. Army—Ellinger for Storick, Johnson for Whitson, Warren for Johnson, Gillmore for Warren.  
Touchdowns—Gillmore, Warren.  
Time of Periods—Ten minutes.  
Referee—Evans, of Williams.  
Umpire—Andrews, of Yale.  
Linesman—Thurke, of Colgate.

Andrews—"I just got fired."

Hoke—"What for?"

Andrews—"For good."

Smith, '26—"Oh, dear, I've just lost my little green bow."

Herb, '24—"How perfectly awful! What did he look like?"

Baker, '24—"Have you read 'Kant'?"

Hostetter, '25—"No, but I've read 'Don't' for girls."

Miss Oyer at Students' Reception—"Mr. Kessler twenty-four or twenty-five?"

Mr. Kessler, blushing—"What do you want to know my age for?"

Instructor of Geology—"The geologist is used to thinking in terms of century."

Freshman—Gosh! I just loaned a geologist five bones.

Prof. Grimm on registration day to Richard C. Wenner—"Mr. Wenner, what does this C stand for?"

Mr. Wenner—"Seventy."

It is said that while Mr. Willard was escorting a friend home from a church social during the summer, a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Willard in the public square.

"Wouldn't Ruth Rockefeller?"

"I never Astor!"

Citizen—"Judge, I'm too sick to do duty; I've got a bad case of the itch."

Judge—"Excuse accepted, Clerk, just scratch that man out."

Cooley—"Lend me a dollar and I'll be eternally indebted to you."

Leach—"Yes, I'm afraid so!"

Prof. Wagner—"These books are fifty cents with the paper backs."

Innocent Frosh—"How much are they with-out?"

A washerwoman bent over the tub,

And thus quoted Shakespeare:

"Ay, there's the rub."

Edna—"Did you take a bath?"

Lena—"No! Is one missing?"



# Special Feature

## A YANKEE ABROAD

During the summer four Yankees boarded an ocean liner to be gone ninety days to see the world first hand. Some fifteen hundred miles were traveled and for ninety days the quartette "stuck" closer than some brothers, only to be scattered by the school year, one to the East, one to the Northwest, while two remain under L. V.'s roof-tree, one of whom tells this tale:

Sea travel today is not as our Irving would have us believe, one vast isolation, for we were ever in touch with both shores, the Aquitania's daily "Bulletin" giving us the wireless news. There were moving pictures free of charge, home talent concerts, three orchestras, a brass band, races, boxing matches, games, social luncheons, teas, and on Sunday two religious services. Such is the life aboard ship today, and eighteen glorious meals may be eaten and retained instead of the dread sickness thru which all are said to pass hoping the while to die.

But still time palls, and after five and a half days of water, sea brine, indigo, silver sheen, sunset rouge, gulf stream and sea weed, one's respect for Columbus mounts sky high. Indeed, Columbus' stock went away above par!

When look! away to the right appears a misty ridge! Is it smoke or distant hills? The glasses quickly! All is bustle on star board, conjecture, question, absurd surmisings till at length all say *The Channel Islands*, and is that Guernsey, the Guernsey where once Victor Hugo lived? Then appear other peaks, light houses, cliffs, crazy-quilt patches of golden grain, vineyards, woodland and meadow—France, glorious France is before us! Then up looms the story of the Great War, torn France, Reparations, Submarines, Mines, our Marines and our Dough Boys, the Lusitania, our Aquitania's sister ship—now six fathoms deep with Elbert Hubbard and his "Frau". Well, you swallow, one knows not what. A lump, a speck of dust, a memory? No; a feeling, a welling emotion—a joy to be nearer land horizontally than vertically, and this is the land of La Fayette, The Bastille, Joan of Arc, Rheims Cathedral, Versailles, and Paris all this and much, much more made up that first great thrill three thousand miles from home.

### In Arthur's Land

Was there an Arthur? No longer does this Yankee doubt. For there is his round table, hanging high in the Great Hall of Winchester. This huge table is of oaken plank, eighteen feet in diameter, divided into twenty-five compartments for the king and his twenty-four knights, on each section appearing the name of the knight. At the back of the table are twelve holes to receive tenons or legs, and traces of a central support may be seen. In 1485 Caxton mentions this table as proof of the existence of King Arthur. We learn that it was hanging here as early as 1378, and was regarded even then as of ancient date. In Winchester Castle, of which The Great Hall was a part, lived King Henry VII that his heir might be born in the traditional residence of King Arthur. Thus we learn that those nearer Arthur's time than we doubt him not, then why should I presume to know?

But not satisfied with seeing the top of "The Table Round" the traditional King Arthur's Lake

was sought out and through an approaching storm that might have daunted less determined Yanks we plodded up the mountain-like slope, passing in our ascent peat beds telling of a vegetation now extinct. When lo! before us stretched the Dogmare Pool into which King Arthur had Sir Bedevere throw Excaliber. Here were the reeds in which he thought to hide the priceless gem. True, the lake was not a sea, but neither would we call it a pool. It was great enough to receive King Arthur's sacred sword and when wooded as doubtless it was in Saxon days, no more fitting spot could have been found, for high on the Cornish Downs it lies almost in the clouds.

But once again before we left King Arthur's Land were we to see sights strange and walk where once the great king trod. In Tintagel by the Cornish Sea, where billows ever beat, there may be seen huge piles of shapely stone with here and there a port hole, buttress and rampart cap while ancient gates, huge and vast, prevent the entrance of the careless guest. Here, then, by the Western Sea Arthur and his legions met and in conclave did right the wrong and organize to fight the Dane from out fair Britain's shores. Was there an Arthur? Never doubt it more, for who but Arthur could have reared these walls on fair Devon's shores? And to walk where Guinevere and lordly Launcelot once pondered on their crime, or to sit dreaming with Sir Galahad as gazing out to sea he caught the vision of his future quest—all this and much beside came flooding in till who could tell whether we trod on earth or air! Great, indeed, is the joy of realizing one's ideal, and hence the second thrill!

ONE OF FOUR BUT NOT MARK TWAIN.

## LECTURE-RECITAL

Sir Edward Baxter Perry, world-famed blind musician and composer, gave his first Lecture-Recital as a member of the faculty of the Engle Conservatory of Music, Lebanon Valley College, on Friday evening, October the sixth, before a large and appreciative audience.

Sir Edward won the hearts of his audience immediately, by his dignified, masterly lectures upon the origin of masterpieces of Liszt and Chopin.

As a student of Liszt he was able to bring to his audience the very spirit and inspiration which prompted the great musician to produce his immortal compositions.

As a composer himself, Sir Edward produced the "Melusine Suite", which is winning so much favor among musicians and true artists everywhere.

The college and the community at large are looking forward to other lecture recitals that Sir Edward Baxter Perry has in store for them. It is with pleasure as well as with a sense of pride that we welcome him to Lebanon Valley College.

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# THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE  
ANNVILLE, PA.

---

VOL. IV No. 2

OCTOBER 30, 1922

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Hark ! through the dim woods dying  
with a moan,

Faintly the winds are sighing ;—  
Summer's gone !

—Mrs. Norton.

Special Feature in This Issue  
Poem: "LISZT'S PLAYING"



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### THE MATCH FACTORY

What is there to do on Saturday night for students at L. V.? This is verily the dullest night of each week, and it persists in coming every week. There are no literary societies to take up the evening hours, and surely to study is beyond possibility. To go to Lebanon and take in a show or two is perfectly all right to those who have the money and feel that such a program is essential to college life. But to the majority of the students at L. V., what is there to do on Saturday evening?

When on Oct. 12, at the Students' Hour in Chapel, was announced the organization of a Match Factory at L. V. C., to begin operations on the following evening, who among us did not feel that such an institution was absolutely unal-  
led for? In fact, did we not unconsciously say to ourselves that its existence would be a sort of silent slam against each one of us, since it seemed to suggest that we were not capable of making friendships with the opposite sex without assistance? At first thought, the Match Factory proposition was not very enthusiastically received by most of the students.

And yet, when we stepped into the Match Factory on Saturday evening and when we saw comradeship springing up between the boys and girls of L. V. C., we experienced a revolution of our thought. At last, we silently exclaimed, we have something which might overcome a great lack of our college life. And we asked ourselves, how many boys have not wished to number some of the girls among their best friends, and how many girls have not wished to confide and exchange thoughts with some of the boys?

For, glancing over the course of a student's life

at Lebanon Valley College, when and where has he an opportunity to develop friendships with those of the opposite sex in a spirit of comradeship? True, there is the twosing on Wednesdays and Sundays, but that is a custom indulged in only by those who wish to be branded as being "married". Moreover, on other days studies and the honor system keep the boys and girls separated, except insofar as religious activities bring them together. Where there are persons of such different religions as at L. V. it is almost impossible for two of different faiths to discover one another.

But now comes the proposition to have the girls and boys meet every Saturday evening, the evening when nothing is going on, and enjoy merry companionship together. There is to be no formality such as is observed during the joint sessions of the literary societies. The main object is the whiling away of the dearest part of the week in jolly companionship and merry-making, attended by the birth and growth of pleasant comradeship and friendship.

The Y. M. and Y. W., in instituting the Match Factory, have thus created a situation which promises to increase very greatly the social life of our college. Boys and girls have a chance to meet each other and in informal discussions and in the playing of games develop the spirit of comradeship and fellowship that has been so noticeably lacking in the past. To the Y. M. and the Y. W. belong the heartiest co-operation and support of every member of the student body.

The situation is this: Comradeship between the girls and boys has heretofore been lacking; now, an opportunity is given each student to satisfy one of his heart's greatest needs. Will you miss such an opportunity?



# Mirror

## A MESSAGE TO THE BOYS OF AMERICA

The thirty-four million boys of India, the forty million of China and the ten million of Korea and Japan all send greetings to the boys of America. Boys by the million of every color of race and creed look to America as the land of the free, and crave fellowship with boys who have so many opportunities and privileges.

Howard Arnold Walter, the Princeton hero, who gave his life for the boys of India, said: "I would be true, for there are those who trust me,

I would be pure, for there are those who care;  
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;  
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;  
I would be friend to all the poor and friendless;  
I would be giver and forget the gift;  
I would be humble, for I know my weakness,  
I would look up and love and laugh and lift."

## THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

The Department of Education of Lebanon Valley College has been considerably enlarged this year in order to meet both the letter and the spirit of the new requirements which the State Council on Education has prescribed for the College Graduate's Teacher's Certificate. The graduating class of last year needed only twelve semester hours' credits in education for a certificate, and no required subjects were specified. This year's class must have eighteen semester hours of professional training, and this must include three semester hours of Introduction to Teaching, three of Educational Psychology, and six of Practice Teaching. Every Senior who desires to secure this certificate has had an opportunity to arrange for courses which will fully meet this requirement.

Such has been and is the immediate aim of this department. The head of the department has made it clear, however, that his aims and hopes for the department go beyond that of merely meeting the new state requirements for certification of teachers. It is felt that in the not distant future the department will grow into two: the Department of Education and the Department of Psychology. This expectation is based upon a faith in the growth (1) of the college, (2) of the demand for teachers and the desire to prepare for educational work as a life career, and (3) the spirit of professionalism amongst teachers, which will lead those who look forward to the profession of education to demand a preparation that will go far beyond that required by any State.

Furthermore, it is predicted that the time is coming when American colleges will no longer be content to give all the psychology they have to give in two or three semester hours, as in the past. Already the educational materials for a full-fledged Department of Psychology are available. We are accustomed to take for granted strong college departments of Biology, Physics and Chemistry, with laboratories and apparatus, and well-trained instructors in charge. Far be it from anyone who believes in education to attempt to detract one iota from the esteem in which these departments of science are held. Yet it is probably true, as a matter of fact, that there are many more persons whose success in

their daily work depends upon their knowledge of the laws of human behaviour and ability to work with human materials, than there are of those whose success depends upon their knowledge of Biology, Physics and Chemistry. There is a growing appreciation of the value of the study of Psychology in the education of those who are to be leaders of men, whether in the ministry, in law or medicine, in education or journalism, in commerce or industry. Should we not covet for our college a position of leadership as being one of the first to develop a real department of Psychology with the space, the equipment, and the personnel necessary to offer a worth-while "major" sequence of studies in Psychology.

It has been suggested that by continuing the hall-partitions through the space known as the "art department", two rooms would be formed, one facing the front of the building, the other having a view out over the campus. The former would be well adapted to the purposes of a psychological laboratory, while the latter would meet the need for a classroom for courses in Education and Psychology. Adjoining the classroom is the small room known as "number 29", which would be well adapted for use as an office and conference room, and place of meeting for small, advanced elective courses. The head of the department hopes that some friend of the college will come forward to provide the furnishings and equipment needed. A modest sum would render an incalculable service and at the same time create an enduring memorial.

## PERSONALS

Misses Erdean Lerew and Marion Heffelman, of last year's graduating class, paid a short visit to L. V. C. the week-end of Oct. 7. They are teaching at Cardiff, Maryland.

Ferdinand Beck, Captain of the Football team, who has been out of the line-up for several weeks on account of an injured hand, is once more able to take his old place on the team.

Misses Josephine Stine and Ethel Hartz and Messrs. Adam Miller and Russel Shadel, all of the class of '22, attended the football game in Annville, October 20.

Professor Beatty lectured on "The Passion Play of Oberammergau" on Sunday evening, Oct. 8, in the U. B. Church at Annville.

Two hundred students traveled en masse to Harrisburg to see the Washington-Lebanon Valley game.

Miss Miriam Cassel paid L. V. C. a short visit on Tuesday, Oct. 17. Miss Cassel graduated last year, and is now teaching in the Palmyra High School.

Misses Delia Herr and Lucile Shenk, of the class of '23, and John Rhodes, '25, attended the State Conference of the Older Boys' and Girls' Division of the Interdenominational Sunday School Association at Tyrone over the week-end. Miss Shenk is an International camper, and was awarded the emblem of the four-fold life at Camp Winnepesaukee last summer.

Dr. Allen Rutherford and his bride, nee Miss Mignonne Thiers, of St. Louis, Missouri, were among the out-of-town guests to attend the Lebanon Valley-St. Joseph's football contest.



# Literary

## MODERN FABLE

The early morning sun shone down upon a road. The road was beautiful and sunny, and a crowd of happy people journeyed upon it. Among them was a young man with the flush of youth on his cheek and the light of ambition in his eyes. As he hurried on he did not mingle with those around him, but hastened on alone.

The afternoon sun beat upon the road, and the man was tired and worn, and as he came to a rough hill he would fain have rested, but he raised his eyes and, lo! he beheld a beautiful mansion there, sparkling in the sunlight, and he said: "I will press on and rest when I have reached the summit of the hill," and he pressed on. Then, as he toiled up the hillside, the sun sank low in the west. He was alone upon the way. He did not see the flowers or trees or beautiful skies, he saw only the glorious structure on the mountain-top.

At last, as the sun was casting its last long rays over the earth, he raised his eyes, and the building danced with a thousand beautiful colors and shades, and lo! he was at the very gates. He ran forward thru the golden portals in the wide hall, and over it he saw this inscription: FAME. He entered the temple, but no one came to greet him, and it was cold. He bowed his gray head upon his hands and remembered the people and the flowers he had passed. He turned and rushed out, but the gates were closed and the sun had set.

CYNTHIA DRUMMOND, '24.

## A FABLE

Once upon a time there lived, in a crevice of the wall in the pantry, just behind the egg basket, a frisking family of mice. They were sleek and well fed, for they lived in the region of good things to eat, and never had anything about which to complain. There were five of them, mother and father mouse and the three children. Now father mouse never bothered much about teaching the children, so the burden of the task fell upon mother mouse. She had seen quite a good deal of the world, and had even been in an adventure with the house cat just outside the pantry door. Naturally, she bestowed much of her worldly wisdom upon her three sons. She dealt mostly with the dangers of mouse-traps and house-cats to mouse civilization, so her children might grow up to profit by the experiences of less favored mice.

But little Timothy Mouse felt that his mother was foolish and silly about being careful. He didn't see why she should spend so much time worrying about silly old mouse-traps. So one day he went out to play as usual, and he went just a little bit further than he had ever gone before, just to the door of the pantry. It was ajar, and, being adventurous, he was anxious to see what lay on the other side. Slowly and cautiously he peeked out, his little, bead-like eyes staring at all the wonders of the outside world when—thud! He uttered one little "squeak". Another little mouse met his doom because he didn't listen to his mother.

LUCILE SHENK, '23.

## A STREET CAR MONOLOGUE

When riding to Harrisburg on a street car, I happened to be sitting behind a typical, fat Pennsylvania German woman, whom I heard take part, loudly, in a most interesting conversation: "Ve Gehts, Emma! Awful glad to see you, ain't seen you for a while back. 'S this your girl? Well, now, ain't she big? And you have another baby! Ach my! How time flies. I remember when you was just a little thing, only this high. Who does the baby favor, her pop or you? Blue eyes you say she has? Where'd she get 'em from? Did your mom have blue eyes? No? Vell, now, ain't that funny!"

"Say, Emma, do you mind the receipt of the weddin' cake your mom made when you were married? Six eggs does it take? Why I never use more'n four. Cream, did you say? Ach, now; it didn't taste like there was cream in it.

"O's this your stop? Goodby, come onct and see me and John. No, he ain't no better. He got the rheumatiz awful yet. Goodby!"

"Vell now, here comes Kate. Hello there, Kate. How'd you get home last night? Did the rain spoil your new silk? We got right in it. No my dress didn't spot. Ain't we been having a lot of rain this while past? Looks like rain now again. Ach, well, for me it don't matter if I do get in it, my dress you can wash.

"You say Jim Shendle peddled strawberries last night already? Ach he always wants to be so smart, always out peddlin' before anybody else.

"Did I have luck with my chickens? Ach no, they got gaps for me, and went right away dead.

"No, I ain't goin' to the picnic. Don't know who to get to haul me home. John's got to go to town to the farm show, so he can't go.

"Was you at Mary's funeral? Yes, she was laid out nice. I'd like to be laid out like that. Yes, it's too bad she died, but you mind she took her bed Sundays, and I always said that's a bad sign.

"Vell, now here I get off. Good-bye."

ESTHER SHENK, '26.

## Y. W. C. A. ANNIVERSARY

Plans are being made by the Y. W. C. A. at Lebanon Valley College to have a special program on Sunday, November the fifth, in order to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of that organization.

All of the committees of the Association are working hard to make the Y. W. C. A. a most vital part of the lives of each girl at L. V. C. The Social Committee in conjunction with the same committee of the Y. M. C. A. has planned for the carrying out of the well known "Match Factory" system of which we hear so much.

The membership committee has succeeded in enlisting many of the new girls into the ranks of the Y., and from all evidences this will be a banner year for the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s of L. V. C.

Warren Fake, '22, is an assistant in the Department of Histology in Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.



# Alumni Notes

Jay Arnold, Class of '22, is a student at Princeton Theological Seminary Princeton, N. J.

Oliver Heckman, '22, is teaching Science and History in Lemaster High School.

Ralph Homan, '22, is Athletic Director of the High School at Ticonderoga, N. Y.

William Norman Martin who received his A.M. last year, is still at the Albert Academy, Free-town, Sierre Leone, West Africa.

Mrs. Harold G. Hess, nee Anna Stern, is living at Bunker Hill, Kansas. When we go to Kansas, we will all stop off to see you, Anna.

E. Gaston Vanden Bosche, '22, is head of the Science Department at Ambridge, Pa. He expects to take a further course at Carnegie Tech. this year.

Grant Gerberich, B.S., Class of 1900, is Superintendent of Schools at Greenville, Pa.

C. Eby Geyer, A.B. '82, is Statistician, Auditor General's Dept., Harrisburg, Pa. He has held this position for the last four years, and his address is 322 Paxtang Ave., Harrisburg, Pa.

Mary Daugherty (Mrs. Rufus H. Lefever) is a teacher in the Centerville High School, O. She received her B.D. from Bonebrake Theological Seminary last June.

Abram L. Groff is at Canton, China, where he is Superintendent for the Baptist Publication Society.

Ruth Heffelman, '17, is teaching Science in Los Angeles High School. Her address is 6802 Leland Way, Hollywood, Cal.

Leroy Harnish, A.B., 1914, is Secretary, Field Department, Illinois Committee Near East Relief. His new address is 304 Renshaw Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

John Cretzinger, '21, is teaching History in Latrobe High School, Latrobe, Pa.

Harry W. Crim has returned from West Africa, and is now a teacher in Handley High School, Winchester, Va.

W. E. McNelly, A. B., '16, is Principal of High School, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Rufus H. Snyder, B.S., '19, is taking a graduate course at Columbia, N. Y. His address is Toyerweather Hall, Columbia, N. Y.

E. M. Stumbaugh, '20, has been teaching in the Connelville High School for the past two years.

Russell W. Uhler, '21, is working for the Lebanon Gas & Fuel Co.

LeRoy O. Umberger, '17, is a Clerk in Purchasing Department of Hershey Chocolate Company, Hummelstown, Pa.

Charles B. Wingerd, '97, is preaching at Martin's Ferry, Ohio. His address is 406 Walnut street, Martin's Ferry, Ohio.

Wm. Paul Yingst, A.B., '18, is teaching Chemistry in Lebanon High School.

Frank T. Hardman, '08, is teaching voice in Lebanon Valley Conservatory, Annville, Pa.

Simon Peter Bacastow, '93, is Chief of Division of Internal Revenue 18. His address is 266 Cumberland Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

Mae Hohl, '20, is teaching at Palmerton, Pa. Her address is 219 Lafayette Avenue, Palmer-ton, Pa.

Margaret Gray, '04, is Primary Teacher at Charleroi, Penna.

Mr. Benjamin Emenheiser, '21, is professor of history at the Baltimore City College. His address is Y. M. C. A., Cathedral and Franklin streets, Baltimore Maryland.

The marriage of Miss Madeline Lola Stat-ton, ex-'20, and Mr. Edward Oswald, Jr., took place at the home of the bride, the Mt. Vernon Apartments, Hagerstown, Md., in the presence of the immediate families of the contracting parties.

The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, Rev. Dr. A. B. Statton, superintendent of the Pennsylvania Conference of the United Brethren Church, assisted by Rev. Dr. F. Berry Plummer and Rev. J. Edward Harms.

The bride was given away by her brother, Philo Statton. Mrs. Philo Statton was matron of honor; Albert Leatherman was best man, and Philip and Robert Statton were flower boys.

The bride was charmingly gowned in white crepe back satin with pearl trimmings, and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and orchids. The matron of honor wore lavender Canton crepe and carried chrysanthemums of like color. The flower boys scattered pink roses in the pathway of the bride.

Preceding the ceremony, "O Promise Me" was beautifully rendered by Mrs. Clyde Shade, Washington, D. C., an aunt of the groom. She was accompanied on the piano by Miss Kathleen Rinehart.

The decorations were pink roses, lavender chrysanthemums and sweet peas.

The bride and groom have both lived all their lives in Hagerstown, and have a wide circle of friends and large acquaintance. The bride is a graduate of the Washington County High School, class of 1917, and is well known in musical circles. The groom is a son of Clerk of the Court Edward Oswald, a member of the firm Oswald and Oswald, attorneys, and a graduate of the Law School of University of Maryland, and also of the Mercersburg Academy.

After the ceremony the young couple left for a trip to the Adirondacks by automobile.

Both the bride and groom have the best regards of a large number of friends, who wish them a long and prosperous happy wedded life.

Prof. and Mrs. Benjamin P. Baker, of Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, announce the birth of a son, Benjamin Philo Baker, on July the twenty-first, 1922.

## A SONNET

Sometimes when I am sad and tired of life,  
And I can't reach my goals, though I've tried,  
When everything I've done seems all so rife,  
I wander 'cross the hills so beautified.  
Off't resting by the marge of some bright stream,  
And gazing far into the sky's deep blue,  
I watch the clouds that mystic, lovely seem,  
And wish that I were sailing with them, too.  
But then I think if that could e'er be true,  
I wouldn't have a worthwhile thing to do—  
No friends to love, no joys or sorrows share,  
No one to help along life's thoroughfare;  
So I'll just be contented where I am,  
Striving to live my best for God and man.

K. H. N. '25.



# Activities

## CLIO

"Come, see what the Owl of Ninerva has for you!"

Thus were Clionians greeted on the night of October 13th, 1922, at Clio Hall. The twenty-five members-elect of Clio were given their first degree amid great solemnity. A most interesting Puritan program followed. The numbers are quoted:

Devotional Exercises .....Chaplain  
What Is a Puritan?.....Eleanor Shaeffer  
Piano Solo.....Della Herr  
Puritanism Literature, and War.....Ellen Keller  
Song ..... Society  
New Puritanism .....Elizabeth Hopple  
Reading and Tableaux from "Miles Standish"  
Reader .....Edna Baker  
Performers in Tableaux—Esther Hughes, Madie Shoop, Martha Schach.

The program was one of the best given this year. Everyone was well-prepared. The tableaux were especially entertaining. Miss Hughes was cast as John, Miss Shoop as Miles Standish, and Miss Schach as Priscilla. Even with the modern clothes donned by the cast, and the modern stage equipment used, Miss Baker and her trio managed to give the Clionians the quaint Puritan atmosphere. Clio was adjourned amid great applause!

## PHILO

The following program was rendered in Philo Hall on the evening of Sept. 29, 1922:

Alexander Graham Bell.....Lester R. Williard  
Germany of Today.....Raymond Hutchinson  
Song ..... Society  
Political Debate ..... Society  
Reading .....Lester Leach

The program was short but highly spirited. The members entered into such heated discussion in the political debate that Mr. Leach was unable to give his reading completely.

Among the pleasures of the evening were the remarks of one of the graduate members of Philo, Mr. Russel O. Shadel. Philo is always delighted to hear from any of its old members.

On the evening of Oct. 6, 1922, Philo did not render a literary program, due to the large number of men absent at Penn State.

On Oct. 13, 1922, an interesting talk on "Facts and Fallacies of Present-Day Psychic Phenomena" was given by Maryan P. Matuszak. An instrumental solo by Ray Troutman, one of the new members, was thoroughly enjoyed by the society. Messrs. Cooley and B. P. Smith displayed their argumentative turn of mind in a Socratic debate, the subject of which was, "Resolved, That the Match Factory will be of Social Benefit to the Students of L. V. C." The musical number of the program was a choice selection of songs by "The Old Reliable Quartette," composed of Fake, Hutch, Izzy, and Pete, led by Jerry. The final number of the program was the Question Box, conducted by the Editor.

Since the beginning of the school term, Philo has admitted several new men to membership, and is looking forward to the most successful year of literary society work of her history.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Crucible is an

account of the joint session between the Delphian and the Philokosmian Literary Societies, held on Oct. 20, 1922.

## DELPHIAN

### Lake Poets

Devotional Exercises .....Chaplain  
Geography of Lake District.....Prof. Wagner  
Trio.....Helen Hostetter, Ruth Oyer, Ruth Baker  
Lives of Southey and Coleridge.....Dorothy Fencil  
Falls of Ladore.....Kathryn Kratzert  
Song ..... Society  
Ancient Mariner.....Kathryn Balsbaugh

## JOINT SESSION—DELPHIAN- PHILOKOSMIAN

Oct. 20, 1922

With the Delphian officers presiding, Philo Hall was the scene of a very interesting program and social hour Friday night, October the twentieth. The Hall was so crowded that chairs from other departments were brought in to accommodate the many guests. The first number was a reading by Helen Hostetter. She portrayed Billy Baxter and his sister Jane to a T, and we surely appreciated Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" more than ever before. The Conservatory was well represented by the charming Misses Baker and Zeigler, who delighted us with a real duet.

They met in a hotel lobby, Stella Hughes, the dear old lady, slightly deaf, and Raymond Hutchinson, the famous Count, affected with a monacle. Her ball of yarn, and his "gentleman's cane"—brought them to a closer friendship. We all were sorry when they left the lobby—still engaged in a battling argument concerning the usefulness of ear-trumpets and monacles.

Robert Allen entertained us with a very interesting lecture on Joan of Arc. Mr. Smith operated the apparatus, which brought before our eyes the story of the French heroine. The colored slides strengthened our love for the French maiden.

A novel playette, penned by Lester Williard, was interesting as well as instructive. The theme "Don't marry again until you are sure your first husband is away with" was very cleverly carried into effect by Isabelle Smith, the unfortunate wife; Gladstone Cooley, the legal husband; Elwood Stabley, the "would-be" husband, and Lester Williard, the "dear old uncle"—who arranged everything—and they all lived happily ever after.

"Living Thoughts and Oracles" had heaps of news in store for us. Miss Seifried certainly can collect news—and make special features, the main attraction.

## CLIO-KALO JOINT SESSION

Friday, Oct. 20, 1922, Clio and Kalo held a joint session. A very interesting program was rendered, which was intensely dramatic, convulsive at times yet now and then a touch of pathos.

The opening number of the program was a very classical rendition by the Georgia Tamale Orchestra, which indeed was paramount. "Surely Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."



The sketch, "Courtship Under Difficulties," by Miss Merchitis, Mr. Wenner and Mr. Burtner, surely held the audience spell-bound, a condition from which they did not fully recover. For the production of "The Bat," from the pen of Mr. Wenner, proved that the fame of these talented young actresses and actors will continue long after they have ceased to be.

The pianologue by Miss Fegan was very well rendered, and certainly had the desired effect upon the audience.

Next Miss Weisman melts the hearts of the hearers by reading, "A Voice From a Far Country." As the last words of "Home, sweet Home," died away, there was a profound silence.

The time was fleeting, each longed to linger where their hearts had flown. The calling back of the departed spirits was left to the orchestra, and they did.

Then what? Suppose we say, smiles, cream, and cake, with a literary good-night.

#### PROFESSOR BEATTY'S LECTURE ON THE "PASSION PLAY"

Though we had all heard very much about the Passion Play, and had formed various opinions of our own concerning it, very few of us had anything more than a very vague idea as to just what it was like, until Sunday evening, October the twenty-second, when Professor Beatty made it very clear to all of us.

Professor Beatty, assisted by Doctor Blose, who had composed music as nearly as possible like that played at Oberammergau, gave an illustrated lecture on the play at the United Brethren Church. The whole Church Auditorium and Sunday School room were crowded, not only by people from Annville, but by many who had heard about it and came from other places.

Professor Beatty started by creating the real Oberammergau atmosphere by showing pictures of the town, its situation, and the very quaint houses. He showed the homes and home-life of the men who played the important parts of Christ, John, Judas, and many others in the play. He then showed and described pictures of the stage, the choir, and many of the actual scenes of the play. He had very good portraits of the men who played the leading roles.

After the lecture was over many people said that he had really succeeded in doing what he had said he hoped to do, in the beginning of his lecture. He, by reading, here and there, parts of the play, together with Doctor Blose's music, had given at least a little of the real Passion Play thrill to those of us who were not so fortunate as to view the complete play in its own setting.

#### Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. programs of the last three Sunday afternoons have been given over to Eaglesmere reports. The delegates are so filled with the "Spirit of Eaglesmere" that it is easy for them to impart some of it to the girls who stayed at home. The girls are really interested in hearing about it, as can be seen by the large number who gathered in the parlor to hear the reports at one o'clock each Sunday.

On October the eighth, two of the delegates reported. Miss Dora Billet gave a resume of life at Eaglesmere which made every girl wish that she, too, might have spent ten days living on the mountain tops with six hundred other college girls. Miss Ruth Oyer then told of the work of the U. R., and gave the statistics of the con-

ference. She also explained to the girls the use of the budget system for the coming year.

At the next meeting, held October the fifteenth, Miss Lucile Shenk told about the different lecturers who spoke at the conference. She brought back many choice bits from Dr. Buck's talks on "Christian Brotherhood". After Miss Shenk's report, each girl present told of the influence some book or character in a book had on her life. The one that seemed to have impressed many of the girls was the life of Miss Vera Blinn.

At the last gathering, on October the twenty-second, Miss Kathryn Balsbaugh read the findings of the President's Technical Council. She also gave a program of the things done each day while at conference, beginning with morning worship and going down through Bible Classes, recreation periods and all the other pleasures of the day to the evening vespers, followed by delegation meetings just before retiring. Miss Helen Hostetter then told about music at Eaglesmere, after which Miss Olga Smith sang one of the Association hymns used at Eaglesmere. After a piano solo by Miss Ruth Rockefeller, the meeting was brought to a close by the singing of "Follow the Gleam," the conference hymn.

The Y. W. C. A. is now canvassing for members. Most of the dormitory students and some not in the dormitories have signified their willingness to join the association. Next Wednesday evening, November the first, all the new girls will be formally recognized at a candle service at which new and old girls are urged to be present.

#### EXTENSION SCHOOL

The Lebanon Valley College Extension School opened the work for the year 1922-1923 with quite a goodly number of students. Regardless of the fact that Lehigh University and the University of Pennsylvania are working in this territory, classes have been organized in Harrisburg and Lebanon to carry on the work.

Three classes in Harrisburg—General Chemistry and Organic Chemistry under the instruction of Dr. Andrew Bender, and Pennsylvania and The Federal Union under Prof. H. H. Shenk, are forming the nucleus for the large extension school that we feel will be Lebanon Valley's due.

In Lebanon, five courses—Educational Psychology, English Drama, English Literature, Public School Music, Pennsylvania and The Federal Union—are being offered under the leadership of Dr. Hoke, Prof. Beatty, Dr. Blose and Prof. Shenk respectively. The classes are large, and bid fair to be but a beginning for the greater things in this phase of work that we know are in store for L. V. C.

#### TUG-O-WAR

One, two, three swings, and the rope landed on the other side of the Quittie. Sophs to the west side and Freshmen to the east side to line up for the time-old battle—the tug-o-war.

The annual pull took place Monday afternoon, October 9, at the usual place, that is, the widest, deepest, coolest spot in the Quittie. The first tug was valiantly done. For the first few tense minutes both sides strained every muscle in their effort to win, then, amid the deafening shouts of the Freshman supporters, the Sophs slid silently into the water. The opponents changed sides—and luck, for this time the lusty yell of triumph came from the throats of the Sophomores. The



last effort was made on land, with both teams at their best. The pull was fierce, hard and long, but finally the Freshmen gave way and the victorious Sophs gathered up their well-earned rope and snake-danced back to town.

### STUDENTS' RECITAL

The first students' recital of Engle Conservatory was held Tuesday evening, October 17. The program was opened by June Gingrich, who, while one of the youngest students, greatly pleased her audience with her number. The program was well-balanced, with piano, organ, and vocal selections, and while the first one of the year, it showed careful preparation and indications of the high grade of work which may be expected in future recitals.

The program:

SPALDING	.....	The Sail
	Miss June Gingrich	
BEETHOVEN	.....	Fur Elise
	Miss Mary Hartz	
LEHMANN	.....(a)	There are Fairies
CARRAN	.....(b)	Picture
	Miss Dorothy Sholly	
SMART	.....(a)	Allegro Maestoso
GRIEG	.....(b)	Asa's Death
	Mr. Donald Fields	
GODARD	.....(a)	Venetienne
GRIEG	.....(b)	To Spring
	Miss Helen McGraw	
DEL RIEGO	.....(a)	Sink, Red Sun
SPEAKS	.....(b)	Morning
	Miss Hannah Fishburn	
JAEL	.....	Meditation, No. 3
	Miss Gladys Bossert	
MOSZKOWSKI	.....	Musical Moment
	Miss Margaret Rhodes	
TERRY	.....	Answer
	Miss Elizabeth Stauffer	
CHOPIN	.....	Fantasia Impromptu
	Miss Ruth Rockafellow	

A students' recital is to be held on the Tuesday evening of each alternate week, at 7.15.

### THE SOPHOMORE PARTY

On October 16th, no one could have found, anywhere, a happier crowd than the Sophomores. If you but recall the significance of the date, you will soon discover the cause of our happiness. That day added another item to the list of our class victories. An important item it was, too, the triumph of the Sophomores in the 1922 Tug-o-War. No wonder we just had to give vent to our feelings in a wild snake dance through the town. No wonder we made the old gym ring with sounds of merriment that night. Did you hear about the party?

"Jacob and Ruth," always seeking each other, "Going to Jerusalem," with one or another. A contest resulting in poets new, And side-bursting calls of "Cock-a-doodle-doo"—These were the games we played.

Sandwiches made of ham and cheese,  
And little cakes of the kind to please,  
A lemonade that was good and sweet,  
And ice cream truly hard to beat,  
These were the eats we had.

Chaps that weren't slow to join in our mirth,  
Seniors, as guests, the best on earth,  
Music and laughter and fun galore,  
Would anyone wish for one thing more  
Than just to be always a Sophomore?

### THE PARTY GIVEN BY THE JUNIORS TO THE FRESHMEN

The Freshmen did not win the tug-o-war this year, but their fellows put up a mighty good fight. Evidently, the Juniors thought so, for after valiant pleading for their cause, they obtained permission to give the Freshmen a party on that memorable evening, Monday, Oct. 16. So, instead of bemoaning their defeat in their rooms, the Freshies all turned out to have a good time, and we fear there was little studying done that night.

The party was held in Philo Hall, and immediately upon their arrival, the Juniors endeavored to make the Freshies feel at home. Games were played, which included "Going to Jerusalem," "Wink" and charades given by groups separated according to the months in which their birthdays came. The charades represented the months of the year, or happenings characteristic to them, and were very clever. After that, refreshments were served and a social time was enjoyed by everyone. The Freshies left, feeling that there is some consolation, even in defeat, with such staunch friends as the Juniors to back them up. After all, they put up a splendid fight and are going to win the tug next year or know the reason why.

### L. V. C. RES., 40—LEBANON ARMORY, 0

The Lebanon Valley College Reserve team scored its second win in two weeks on the home field by taking Lebanon Armory Co. D football team under for a score of 40-0 in a somewhat loosely played game. The Reserves had numerous end runs, and Lebanon team had a hard time keeping in front of Capt. Reigle and his wrecking crew. Reigle featured in the game with a seventy yard run for a touchdown, in the second period. The Lebanon team could seldom stop him before he had gained considerable distance, and twice he advanced the ball to the five yard line and Bowman and Fay took it over. Yeagley was the big scorer, tallying two touchdowns. Nitrauer also crossed the line and added six counters to the score. Capt. Reigle kicked four of his six tries for goals from touchdowns. Kellar was the only Lebanon man who showed any form. He made several ten yard gains.

Line-up:

L. V. C. Res.		Lebanon Armory
Snively	l. e.	J. Irvin
Schell	l. t.	Fields
Smith	l. g.	Steckbeck
Yake	c.	G. Irvin
D. Gingrich	r. g.	Eckerd
Dowhower	r. t.	Van Winkle
Balsbaugh	r. e.	L. Bowman
Reigle	q. b.	Feather
Yeagley	l. h. b.	Kellar
C. Bowman	r. h. b.	Young
Nitrauer	f. b.	S. Gingrich

Substitutions: L. V. C.—Fay for Nitrauer, Gates for C. Bowman, Frock for Gates, Leber for Schell, Hutchinson for D. Gingrich, Mumma for Smith. Lebanon—Jones for Eckerd, Black for Steckbeck, Steckbeck for J. Irvin. Touchdowns—Bowman, Reigle, Nitrauer, Yeagley 2, Fay. Goals from touch—Reigle 4. Kleinfelter, referee; Danker, umpire; Long, head linesman; Greenwald, timekeeper. Score by periods:

L. V. C. Res.	13	13	14	0—40
Lebanon Armory	0	0	0	0—0



## L. V. C. RES., 27—SUNBURY H. S., 0

Captain Reigle piloted his Reserve team to a 27-0 victory over the strong Sunbury High School team on the Annville gridiron, Saturday, Oct. 14th. This was the first home game of the Reserves this season. Captain Reigle featured throughout the game with flashy line plunges and end runs, while his forward passes worked effectively. Gates and Yeagley played very good football and each contributed six points to the tally. Snavely, the husky left end of the team, also crossed the goal line. Reigle contributed nine points to the score by scoring a touchdown and three goals from touchdowns.

During the first quarter, Sunbury received the kick-off and marched up the field on five first downs until they reached the five yard line. Here they fumbled the ball, and it was Lebanon Valley's ball. Reigle punted forty yards, and Fox of Sunbury fumbled the ball and Hutchinson recovered it for L. V. C. The period ended 0-0.

The second quarter was the big period for Lebanon Valley, scoring 14 points. Bowman advanced the ball 25 yards, but Fay was injured during the play, and Lebanon Valley called time. Fay was given medical attention and stayed in the game. Reigle did some good broken field running, and Gates took the ball over for the first touchdown. Reigle kicked the goal. A few minutes later Reigle broke away again with the ball, and this time he made a touchdown and kicked the goal. Cressinger fumbled on the kick-off, and Snavely recovered the ball for L. V. C. The Reserves then lost the ball to Sunbury, who were penalized five yards for being off-sides. They lost the ball on downs, and Lebanon Valley was then penalized for off-sides. Half ended 14-0 favor Reserves.

Lebanon Valley received the kick-off and on the first play were penalized for holding. They lost the ball to Sunbury on downs. Fox fumbled, and Ben Smith recovered. Yeagley crossed the line on the next play for the third touchdown. Reigle failed to kick the goal. Third period ended 20-0.

In the fourth quarter, Sunbury received the kick-off and on the first play were penalized for off-sides. The fourth quarter was a little tight, but Snavely managed to slip through their line and scored the last touchdown. Reigle kicked the goal. Game ended 27-0, favor L. V. C. Res.

### Line-up:

L. V. C. Res.	Sunbury H. S.
Snavely.....	l. e. .... Forrester
Schell.....	l. t. .... S. Miller
Hutchinson.....	l. g. .... Still
Smith.....	c. .... Barrow
Gingrich.....	r. g. .... Bucher
Dowhower.....	r. t. .... Beck
Balsbaugh.....	r. e. .... Cressinger
Reigle (Capt.).....	q. b. .... Barnhart
Gates.....	l. h. b. .... Yoger
Bowman.....	r. h. b. .... Fox (Capt.)
Fay.....	f. b. .... H. Hause

Substitutions: L. V. C.—Yeagley for Gates, Frock for Bowman. Sunbury—Auten for Forester, Garman for Beck, Lantz for Bucher, Karmer for Cressinger, Cressinger for Garman, Leidich for Karmer, E. Hause for Miller, Forrester for Leidich, Garman for Barrow. Touchdowns—Gates, Reigle, Yeagley, Snavely. Goals from touchdowns—Reigle. Kleinfelter, referee; Danker, umpire; Greenwald, timekeeper. 10 minute periods. Score by periods:

L. V. C. ....	0	14	6	7—27
S. H. S. ....	0	0	0	0—0

## LEBANON VALLEY GIVES GEORGETOWN HARD CONTEST

Outweighed by many pounds, Lebanon Valley made Georgetown's husky grid warriors travel fast and furious to come out on top, 19 to 6, in the struggle which took place on Saturday, October 7, at Washington.

Brilliant backfield work by "Henny" Homan and "Bill" Wueschinski brought our team a touchdown in the final period.

A forward pass sent the ball over, after our speedy quarterback, "Henny," had ripped off a couple of runs, one for 35 yards, and had shot a forward pass to Wueschinski that netted 10.

A second aerial fling by Homan to Wueschinski for 18 yards, achieved Lebanon Valley's points.

Both teams played fast football all the way. Georgetown, despite its superiority in weight, was unable to overcome the stubborn defense of our light team in the first period, the quarter ending with the ball 26 yards from Lebanon Valley's goal. Georgetown scored one touchdown in the second period, the other two coming in the third period. Tho we were defeated, we can feel proud of the score, for our light team was up against a big proposition.

### The summary:

Lebanon Valley	Georgetown
Heilman.....	l. e. .... Florence
Whistler.....	l. t. .... Goggins
Renn.....	l. g. .... Comstock
Frock.....	c. .... T. McNamara
Lauster.....	r. g. .... Lied
Burtner.....	r. t. .... Butler
Clarkin.....	r. e. .... King
Homan.....	q. b. .... Adams
Krause.....	l. h. .... Walley
Wueschinski.....	r. h. .... Byrne
Boehm.....	f. b. .... Kenyon

Touchdowns—Byrne, Florence, Butler, Wueschinski. Substitutions: Lebanon Valley—Musser for Renn, LaPointe for Krause, Metoxin for Boehm, Renn for Musser. Officials—Referee, Charles Gayon (Carlisle); Umpire, Harmon (Bethany); Linesman, Cummings. Time—10 minutes and 12 minutes.

## L. V. C. SWAMPS ST. JOE—46-0

Our varsity won its first home game of the season by walking away with St. Joseph's College of Philadelphia. The boys from the city were completely outclassed throughout the game, while our boys did not need to over-exert themselves to run up a big score. Hennie Homan ran through their lines for two touchdowns, as did Wueschinski and Boehm; Dick Smith tallied one six pointer.

### First Quarter

Homan received McClernon's kick-off and advanced thirty-five yards. L. V. C. was then penalized for holding, and Homan gained twenty yards on the next play. Boehm gained another fifteen yards, and on the next play Smith ran through a broken field for the first touchdown. Metoxin kicked the goal. Homan again received the kick-off and gained 20 yards. Carr, the right end for St. Joseph's, had his back injured on the next play, and had to be removed. Mallon took his place. L. V. C. then lost the ball to St. Joe, and the first forward pass was grounded. Daugherty punted out of bounds. Wueschinski made a 50-yard run through a broken field without interference, and scored the second touchdown.



Chief kicked the goal. St. Joe received kick-off and quarter ended. Score, 14-0.

#### Second Quarter

St. Joe had two grounded forward passes. St. Joe then lost the ball on downs, and Homan ran 70 yards through a broken field for a touchdown. Chief failed to score the goal. Frock kicked off for L. V. C. and Devine received, but was tackled by Ed Whistler on the thirty yard line. Daugherty punted on fourth down and Wueschinski received the ball and advanced 20 yards. Hennie Homan advanced forty yards on the next play. L. V. lost the ball on downs on 20-yard line. Devine was thrown for a loss of eight yards. Wueschinski caught Devine's punt and advanced it to mid-field. McGovern was substituted for Ferry, Wm. Wolfe for Wueschinski, Perry for Homan. Wolfe made a forty-yard run on the first play. L. V. forward pass was grounded and then we lost the ball on downs. Wolfe received Daugherty's punt and advanced twenty yards, and ten yards on the first play. Half ended 20-0.

#### Third Quarter

Homan relieved Perry at quarterback. Devine caught Frock's kick-off. Daugherty then punted and Homan caught the punt and advanced fifty yards. Boehn then took the ball around end and scored his first touchdown of the game. Chief's kick for the goal was blocked. Perry received Wolfe's kick-off and was tackled on the spot by Ed Whistler. Homan received Daugherty's punt and ran eighty yards for a touchdown, but was brought back, and L. V. C. penalized for holding, and the touchdown did not count. However, Homan took it across again in a few minutes. The goal was not scored. St. Joe then received the kick-off and advanced twenty yards. They worked two forward passes, but Ed Whistler caught the third. La Point was substituted for Smith at half back. L. V. advanced the ball for two first downs, and La Point was injured. He was given medical attention and he remained in the game. L. V. gained thirty yards on the next two plays, and Boehn went around end on the third play and scored his first touchdown of the game. Chief scored the extra point. Oakes received Wolfe's kick-off, but was stopped on the twenty-yard line. Wolfe then caught Daugherty's punt and gained 15 yards. Quarter ended 33-0.

#### Fourth Quarter

L. V. lost the ball to St. Joe. and Daugherty punted out of bounds. Boehn then ran 40 yards for a touchdown. Chief kicked the goal. Mally was then substituted for Devine, and received Frock's kick-off. St. Joe gained twenty yards on a forward pass, but the next three were grounded. Homan received Daugherty's punt and gained considerable ground. Musser was substituted for Frock. L. V. then lost the ball to St. Joe, who grounded several more passes. Burtner caught one of their passes, and Smith gained 90 yards on the next play, after which Wueschinski took the ball over the line for a touchdown. Metoxin failed to kick the goal. L. V. C.

Metoxin.....	l. e. ....	St. Joseph's
Whistler.....	l. t. ....	Hosey
Renn.....	l. g. ....	Daugherty
Frock.....	c. ....	McClernon
Lauster.....	r. g. ....	De Semone
Burtner.....	f. t. ....	Berkery
Clarkin.....	r. e. ....	Ferry
Homan.....	q. b. ....	Carr
Smith.....	l. h. b. ....	Devine
Wueschinski.....	r. h. b. ....	Scranlon
Boehn.....	f. b. ....	Berry
		Oakes

Substitutions: L. V. C.—Perry for Homan, La Point for Smith, Wolfe for Wueschinski, Musser for Frock, Homan for Perry, Perry for Boehn, Smith for Wolfe, Wolfe for Metoxin, Metoxin for La Point, Rupp for Whistler, Herb for Renn. St. Joe—Mally for Berry, Garmon for Scranlon, Mallon for Carr, McGovern for Ferry. Touchdowns.—Homan 2, Smith, Wueschinski 2, Boehn 2. Goals from touchdowns—Metoxin 4. Referee—Houck. Umpire—McCormick. Head Linesman—Kleinfelter. Time of periods—15 min. Score by periods:

L. V. C. ....	14	6	13	13	46
St. Joe .....	0	0	0	0	0

#### STAR COURSE

An unusual Star Course with entertainers sent out by the White Entertainment Bureau of Boston will afford an unusual treat to Lebanon Valley College, Annville, and environs. The first number will be presented in November, when the Plymouth Male Quartette will feature. The quartette is composed of individuals who have developed talent and capacity to bring to their audiences productions of artistic, practical and sentimental value, and without doubt they will aid materially in making the Star Course program a success.

In December, William Sterling Battis will come to Lebanon Valley College as a master in his knowledge of Dickens and the characters found in the latter's works. This part of the course is one which no true lover of Dickens and Literature can afford to miss. The Dickensian of London is quoted as follows: "Mr. Battis is doing for Dickens in America what Bransby Williams has done for the novelist in England."

From the Leland Powers School of Expression come the Parker Fenelly Duo, who will be the Star Course representatives for January. They are talented young people who will bring to Lebanon Valley just the right sort of interesting entertainment by filling an important role on the Star Course program. Programs such as the one which they will give, consisting of Short Plays, Monologues, Pianologues and Musical Readings, will add just the right sort of zest at the busy examination time.

Mary Potter and the Boston Symphonic Quintet will be the Star Course feature for February. As contralto soloist in the Temple Emmanuel, New York City, Miss Potter possesses a voice the potentialities of which may be measured by the greatness of a Matzenauer or a Schumann-Heink. Three of the members of the Quintet accompanying Miss Potter were formerly members of the world-famed Boston Symphony Orchestra. There is no doubt as to the position of this group in the Musical Circles of America, and Lebanon Valley College is proud to feature them upon the program of the year.

The lecturer of the course is to be none other than Hon. Frederick A. Wallis, formerly U. S. Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, who will come to us in March. His great lecture, "Immigration and Americanization," will form a fitting climax to the unusual and splendid program which the committee has to present.

Interest in the Star Course and its success is surging high, and it is not a difficult matter to sell tickets. The latter may be obtained from any member of the Student Committee, Messrs. Earle Fake, Raymond Hutchinson, Robert Allen, and Jerome Stambaugh, and Misses Lucile Shenk, Mae Reeves and Dora Billet, in the early part of November.



## THURSDAY MORNING CHAPEL

The Thursday morning chapel period devoted to student interests under the auspices of the Faculty Committee on Activities, has secured interesting lectures to intersperse the otherwise ordinary daily routine of classes. Miss Florence Bamburger, of the Department of Education, Johns Hopkins University, addressed the student body on Thursday, October the 18th, on the subject of "Story Telling and Stories." Miss Bamburger gave the students a vivid conception of the value of this art and of its development and proper application. She was most interesting, and the chapel hour seemed all too short. We are looking forward to having Miss Bamburger with us again.

Dr. Robert Bagnell, of Grace Methodist Church, Harrisburg, will address the students on Thursday, November the second. L. V. C. is looking forward with pleasure and interest to the coming of this eminent clergyman, who will bring with him a message that none can afford to miss.

## PROSPECTS FOR CLIO

Last week Clio administered the second degree of initiation upon twenty-five new girls, including two Juniors, three Sophomore and twenty Freshmen. Their names follow: Dorcas Bortz, Margie Brown, Sue Snively, Esther Shenk, Lottie Snively, Anna Bomberger, Edna Peiffer, Permelia Rose, Grace Boudier, Josephine Matolitis, Pauline Bouterse, Margaret Rhodes, Sara Leah Zeitlin, Pearl Morrow, Marian Corle, Madeline Reiter, Estella Grubb, Carmie Kauffman, Dorothy Smith, Betty Leachy, Helen McGraw, Sara Wieder, Marguerite Brossman, Dorothy Mancha and Yvonne Green.

A committee including Misses Mary Hiester, May Morrow, Dora Billet, Cynthia Drummond, Edna Baker and Ellen Kellar has been appointed to arrange for the fifty-second anniversary program which will be held on Friday evening, November the twenty-fourth. The committee is working hard to arrange an entirely original, interesting and literary program, to which all ex-Clionians and friends of L. V. C. are invited.

It has been customary for Dr. and Mrs. G. D. Gossard to present awards of ten dollars in gold, yearly, to individuals in each class who attain the highest standards of scholarships. At the commencement exercises in June awards and honorable mention were made to the following members of the four classes: Senior—1st honor, Miriam Cassel; 2nd honor, Russel Bowman. Junior—1st, Frances Durbin; 2nd, Lucile Shenk. Sophomore—1st, Mary Yinger; 2nd, Donald Fields. Freshmen—1st, Stella Hughes; 2nd, Marion Hess. The making of awards is raising the standard of scholarship very materially at L. V. C., and those individuals who have attained unusual standing scholastically are deserving of merit.

Sara Greiner, in Oratory—"Oh Admetean Domes—"

Prof. Beatty—"Please don't look at me when you say that, Miss Greiner."

Prof. Hoke in Philosophy 14 seems to think that the savages were lucky because they did not need to deal with heavy weights.

## LISZT'S PLAYING

'Tis said Tartini held a captive soul  
Imprisoned in his magic violin;  
A maiden's, who for thwarted love had died.  
And when his wizard bow awoke the strings  
Her soul awoke from dreamy sleep within,  
And sadly moaned and cried.

But when Liszt played, with touch of living fire,  
And set a-tremble all the throbbing air,  
And thrilled the heart with rapture high despair,  
You knew no strings of steel could answer so;  
His instrument was strung with strands, you'd swear,  
Of sirens' golden hair.

Yet not alone of sweetness fraught with pain  
His music told; but thunder roll and crash,  
And rush of torrent rain and lightning flash,  
And forest's trembling at the cyclone's roar;  
And frenzied waves that on a rock-girt shore  
Forever vainly dash.

Of dew-drenched dawns and pearl gray velvet eves,  
And softest lisps of young summer leaves;  
And sigh of human heart that longs or grieves,  
Or loves and hopes, or questions, or believes,  
Of all of life that's true or that deceives,  
Or that the brain conceives.

Thus Liszt, in multi-colored tones, did place  
Before us human life and Nature's face,  
In changeful mood or frowns or smiling grace;  
As somber pines against the blue of space  
Their shifting patterns, like to wind-blown lace,  
May sometimes briefly trace.

A complex universe for ears that see,  
Afloat upon a flood of harmony,  
The past, the present, and what is to be,  
In clear but dark and transcendent tracery,  
The lines that sketch our Human Tragedy  
On far depths of Eternity.

EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

Montgomery, Ala., February, 1921.

Helen—"Did you have a nice time at the Match Factory last night?"

Hannah—"No, every one I struck went out."

Professor Gingrich thinks that the oratory class resembles a phonograph factory.

Bill Wolfe (at Junior hike)—"Well, Marie, whom do you want to take you home tonight?"

Marie—"How about you, Bill?"

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# A little nonsense, now and then, Is relish'd by the best of men.

South Hall has been ringing with laughter the last few days. Below are some of the causes:

Fran—"Have you any good headache tablets?"

Elsie—"Yes, here's a dandy. My grandmother took this kind."

Fran—"Is she still living?"

Elsie—"No, she died."

Stella, singing, entering her room where her roomie was entertaining Maude, "Good-night, ladies, good-night ladies."

Betty—"Maude, that's a good hint."

Maude—"Good-night."

Ruth—"Isn't it terrible. We won't have any lights around here for two weeks."

Madie—"Why?"

Ruth—"The Match Factory shut down."

Elsie—"I do think you have a good personality, Martha."

Martha, snatching the dictionary—"Personality—the sum total of one's qualities of body, mind, and character; individuality; an offensive remark about a person, his character, or—"

Elsie, failing to dodge the book—"Ouch!"

Martha—"What are you studying?"

Ruth—"Romance. You'd better study, too."

Martha—"Oh, I know enough about those things without studying 'em."

## Poor Ethics

To flirt or dance is very wrong—

I don't!

Wild youths chase women, wine and song—

I don't!

I kiss no girls,—not even one;

I do not know how it is done.

You wouldn't think I have much fun—

I don't.

(Contributed by Mike Bachman)

Farmer—"See here, young feller, what are you doing up that tree?"

Nig Faust—"One of your apples fell down, and I'm trying to put it back."

## How Did She Know?

Seifred (upon seeing Nig and Dovey Mae coming in church Sunday evening)—"It must be getting cold outside."

## What Does She Mean?

Olga Smith—"If any one ever tries to kiss me, I will give him a good smack."

Frock, while putting down a new ten dollar rug—"Say, where are my tacks?"

Reidel, his room-mate—"Wait, I will furnish the tacks. We will go fifty-fifty on this."

Miss Hershey, in day students' room, being kissed by Della Herr—"Oh, Della, don't kiss so loud."

Dot Fencil—"You would know better if you had a sister."

Prof. Hoke, in Education 4—"Mr. Evans, is there any connection between this chapter and the one preceding?"

Evans—"Sure, they are in the same book."

Hungry—"What shall I put in my trunk first?"

His Mother—"Why, put the flat pieces in first, son."

Hungry—"All right, mother, where's my pocket book?"

Some women seem to be so fond of argument that they won't eat anything that agrees with them.

A grapefruit is only a lemon that saw its chance and made good. Here's hope for some of the lemons around here.

Matuszak—"I will admit I haven't always lived as I should, but I do love your daughter sincerely, and if ever I should make her unhappy, I hope I will be made to suffer for it."

The Father—"Don't let that worry you, Pete; she'll attend to that."

## What Did She Mean?

Prof. Gingrich—"Miss Herr, have you gotten your Political Science text yet?"

Della H.—"Why no, Prof. Wagner sold the copy I ordered to one of the other boys."

Troutman—"Miss Leech, is Mr. Leach your brother?"

Miss Leech—"No, Mr. Leech is my father."

Prof. Beatty—"What did Pope do when he tried to translate Homer and the Odyssey?"

Quaid—"I guess he flunked, like I did."

According to Frances Durbin, men and pins are alike when they lose their heads."

"That's a good point," remarked the pencil to the sharpener, with a self-satisfied air.

Science tells us that in order to become beautiful one should sleep out of doors. Now we know how to account for the hobo's charming appearance.

Frosh—"Hey, Reider, what did you get thrown out of music for?"

Reider—"For singing."

Visitor—"How many lectures do you have in a week here at school?"

Smuck—"Three, counting the letter from father."

Small Boy—"Why are you carrying so many books today? You never carried any before."

Williard—"This is examination time."

Donald Evans—"Have you an opening for a bright, energetic college man?"

Employer—"Yes, and don't slam it on the way out."



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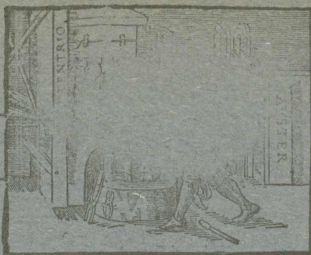
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FROM GILBERT'S



DE MAGNETE

## "WORD MONGERS" and "CHATTERING BARBERS"

"Word mongers" and "chattering barbers," Gilbert called those of his predecessors who asserted that a wound made by a magnetized needle was painless, that a magnet will attract silver, that the diamond will draw iron, that the magnet thirsts and dies in the absence of iron, that a magnet, pulverized and taken with sweetened water, will cure headaches and prevent fat.

Before Gilbert died in 1603, he had done much to explain magnetism and electricity through experiment. He found that by hammering iron held in a magnetic meridian it can be magnetized. He discovered that the compass needle is controlled by the earth's magnetism and that one magnet can remagnetize another that has lost its power. He noted the common electrical attraction of rubbed bodies, among them diamonds, as well as glass, crystals, and stones, and was the first to study electricity as a distinct force.

"Not in books, but in things themselves, look for knowledge," he shouted. This man helped to revolutionize methods of thinking—helped to make electricity what it has become. His fellow men were little concerned with him and his experiments. "Will Queen Elizabeth marry—and whom?" they were asking.

Elizabeth's flirtations mean little to us. Gilbert's method means much. It is the method that has made modern electricity what it has become, the method which enabled the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to discover new electrical principles now applied in transmitting power for hundreds of miles, in lighting homes electrically, in aiding physicians with the X-rays, in freeing civilization from drudgery.

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# THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE  
ANNVILLE, PA.

VOL. IV No. 3

NOVEMBER 30, 1922

"What is it to be wise?  
'Tis but to know how little can be known,  
To see all other's faults, and feel our own."

—Pope

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How am I going to spend my Thanksgiving vacation? This is perhaps the question that is prevalent in most of your minds. Of course you want to have a good time, and it is well that you should; but, what, of course, are you going to pursue to attain this end?

First, there is a nice, long talk with ma and pa, telling them how good you have been and how hard you have studied; but naturally not the slightest reference to the bad things. Then the dinner, yes, and a sumptuous one; including all those good things that ma prepares, such as turkey, duck, country ham, ah, I need say no more, you too well know. Dad will give you a good sized check? Sure, just like him though. Isn't it strange how parents think they have the best boy or girl in the world? Say, pals, it makes one feel a little cheap sometimes, doesn't it. But I suppose best so. The evenings all reserved for the regular girl or fellow—that's understood. Then you call it quits and return to school. But have you gotten the most possible out of your vacation?

Allow me to advise something else. If your home is in the country, all well and good. If in the city, it won't take so long to get into the country. Mother and dad would like a long hike, and so would you. Take a day off and enjoy some of the many good things that this old world of ours holds in store for us. They won't be hard to find, you can run across them most anywhere. But somehow or somewhere find them.

It may be on a hill-top so high that no shadow can rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early and the evenings tarry so late that the day has many more golden hours. Such works are like a much loved song, they are forever singing themselves deeper and deeper into the

delighted soul. Do we not often say as did the Indian captive in prison and in chains?

"Let me go to my home where the cataract plays,  
Where oft I have sorted in boyhood's bright days,  
Where the tall cedars are, and the wild flowers grow,  
To my home in the forest, white man, let me go."

In the quiet of the country, close to nature, is where man thinks his greatest thoughts and plans his deeds. It is here that the real wonders are. What fields of vision lie open to you. Survey the mountains and valleys, peer down into the blue depths of the ocean; study the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. Stop not there. Go up on the wings of the wind and inspect those floating castles of white clouds overhead, and the rainbow bridge. Up yet! let eye of the mind take in the sun, moon, and stars. Higher yet! until you catch a glimpse of the jasper wall and the gates of pearl. Look through these until your eye rests on the King Himself and through nature hear the voice of God.

A politician was out visiting the farmers before the last election, when he met a farmer who told him that there was no use in arguing for his cause. The politician asked for the reason, and the farmer said: "Well, I am a Republican, my wife is a Democrat, the cow is Dry, the baby is Wet, and the dog is a Socialist who keeps growling all the time."

The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river is now attempting to spin a mountain top.



# Mirror

## THE MIRROR

We are tired of many things.

We are tired of the two or three girls who persist in coming to meals one and a half seconds late and then having to hear ourselves in self-protection bellow "Gangway!"

We are tired of having to sit at the table until the kitchen sends up the grub. We have work to do, not time to ogle the girls. We are tired of it.

We are tired of the nice things the girls have in North Hall and in South Hall which we must either buy or do without.

We are tired of the milk-white water that comes from our hot-water faucets. We want water, not a suspension of limestone.

We would like to see the President of the College occupy a more comfortable chair. We are only human.

We are tired of a hullabaloo raised about electric irons and extra lights in the Boys' Dorm.

We are tired of not getting heat on cold days and of getting too much of it on warm days.

We are tired of seeing one or two of the girls dress more expensively than the others.

We are tired of being asked to come to chapel so often.

We are tired of having to take exams.

We are tired of having a speaker tell us that the Tarzan stories are for children in the fifth grade.

We are tired of the profs taking the roll in chapel.

We are tired of the smoke that fills the dining hall at meal-time.

We are tired of pear sauce.

We are tired of the two fellows who come to chapel every morning just after we are seated and who have no respect for our pet corns.

We are tired of the roughnecks who won't march out of chapel with a girl.

We are tired of hearing the Y. W. meetings announced at every Sunday dinner.

We are tired of the girls who do not say "Hello!" first.

We are tired of the girls who do not eat Chef's masterpiece, sauerkraut.

We are tired of hearing others sing, "I love you."

We are tired of hearing, in chapel, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

We are tired of many things.

Indeed, some of us were born tired, others acquired a tired feeling, and still others have had tiredness thrust upon them.

## THE Y. M. ROOM

When the Y. M. asked for an enlargement of the Y. M. room, because of crowded conditions, in the dormitory, it could not be granted. So there was only one thing to do. That was, do without.

The girls' dormitories, North and South Halls, have parlors furnished with rugs and good furniture at the expense of the college. The parlors in North and South Halls are not for the boys; they are for the girls. The girls need them and certainly we boys do not begrudge the girls their good fortune. But the need for a common home-like room in the Boys' Dorm is as great as in the two girls' dormitories.

It was decided to make the best of the bargain and plans were made by Mr. Ralph Boyer, president of the College Y. M. C. A. with this end in view. These plans were the renovating of the old bare room and its conversion into a place that would satisfy the home-craving in all the boys' hearts.

Recently the Men's Senate purchased and presented to the Y. M. C. A. a beautiful five-light chandelier. Two years ago the boys by common subscription purchased a piano for the room. Last year, by the same means, a victrola was secured. The college has furnished the room. This year two corner seats have been built in the room. A library table and chairs and a lounge have been sent for. The room is to be soon repainted, in two colors. A rug is being secured by one of the boys. At present three newspapers are being received daily in the Y. M. room. It is planned to have some magazines subscribed for.

These things are going to cost money. But we must have them. Each boy will have to subscribe to the fund to put the thing through. Outside help will be extremely welcome.

## L. V. C. PROGRESS

It is with pleasure and enthusiasm that we note the steady advancement of our institution on the road of Prosperity to Success. Ten years ago we had enrolled in the college department, including the academy, one hundred and twenty-one students. Now, after the onslaught of the war, and the ruthless dragging of students from schools and colleges of the world, we have enrolled in our institution, in the college department, two hundred and seventy-two students. The academy is not in existence, and this number of students is divided among the four classes. The class of 1923 is the last class to suffer from the war period, since it was the first class to enter college after the signing of the armistice. The Junior class numbers twice as many students as does the Senior class, while the Sophomore and Freshman classes hold their own with eighty and eighty-six members respectively. Since virtually all of the students who drop out of college do so between the Freshman and Sophomore years, we can easily see to what an extent our institution is growing with probable graduating classes numbering three and four-score young men and women.

In the music department are enrolled ninety students, a great increase over former years. May we say here that the music department is to be commended in the splendid way in which the spirit of co-operation and good work is transforming the Conservatory into a veritable center for concentrated, inspiring and artistic life.

And most important of all, we have not been able to accept all of the applications for entrance to the College Department this year. We have a waiting list and we are in a position now to select the individuals whom we want to credit Lebanon Valley as their Alma Mater. Our students are young people of the highest calibre as every visitor to L. V. C. will not fail to note. We are progressing.

Dick Wenner—"Where did you get the skeleton?"  
Prof. Derickson—"We raised it".



# Literary

## BEHIND THE "L"

As stated in the student's handbook, the college awards a letter "L" to an athlete who plays the required amount of games on one of the three sport teams, football, basketball and baseball. The football, basketball and baseball men are all wearing the letters directly as you see them on the campus and out in the streets. Not only these players are wearing them, but we are all wearing these letters indirectly.

As I see the great big white letter "L" in the blue field on the breast of the football and baseball player, I often think that there must be a background which is worthy to be investigated and also there must be a history behind that letter which we all as newcomers ought to know. I am sure some of you are familiar with the history of this institution, but to those who do not know, please let me repeat it.

According to the conference report of 1865, the East Pennsylvania Conference of the United Brethren Church took place at Lebanon that year. At this conference, the resolutions were passed deciding the question of establishing a higher institution of learning to be located within the bounds of East Pennsylvania. Now, why those people decided and resolved to establish a higher institution. Because the growth of the United Brethren Church in Pennsylvania, Maryland and in Virginia was so vigorous that it was the wishes of the Church to establish such a one. Thus the Lebanon Valley College was born with bright prospects.

It was the purpose of the founders to give a young man and a woman a liberal culture, that he or she may be practical, self-reliant and learned citizen of the great nation. But above all, as stated in the "College History," the wishes of the founders were to give a Christian education and shape Christian character in every young man and woman.

Having such a noble purpose and splendid record, we students who are representing the institution directly and indirectly, must be very careful in our daily conduct. Sometimes we forget that we are carrying a heavy responsibility on our shoulders. At little misdeed means a bad reflection on the institution.

Therefore I say that the letter "L" on the breast of the athlete is not an ornament, nor for looks, but it is a living representation of the college. For behind it lies the college, the student body, and the history of the institution. So let us show forth the real spirit of "L" at home and abroad. Bring with us the spirit of the college wherever we go and whatever we do.

HENRY ISHIMURA, '26.

## WHY HENNIE HOMAN IS A GOOD QUARTERBACK

The most important quality of a good quarterback is good generalship. That is, when calling signals, to call them in a shrill tone and distinctly. This has a certain psychological effect upon the players which makes them fight harder. It also produces more or less fear in the opponents. It is generally noticed that a "skipper" who uses this form has better results than one who doesn't. Again, he must know just how to instill a fighting spirit in each one of his team. This is done in many ways. He may slap one fellow, kick another, plead with one and "bawl"

some one else out, while praise will work better on some one else. As long as he can keep them on edge he can depend upon them to do their utmost. For instance, Glenn Killinger, who is known as one of the best quarterbacks ever produced at Penn State, was to the team on the gridiron what Huga Bezdeck was during practice. If a man made a wrong play and didn't do his full part in a single play, Glenn would give him a straight up and down lecture. As the old saying goes, "There are tricks in all trades." So there is in this position on a football team. One must be original and at the same time be shrewd, while the ability to keep cool is probably the most important of all.

The next important quality is to be able to use your head as to what plays are to be run. In the Georgetown game this year a forward pass was made on our own thirty yard line. It was intercepted and the Georgetown player ran it for a touchdown. This was the wrong thing to have done. Either line-plunging or end-running should have been tried. If they would not work to an advantage, a kick should have been tried. Also, when the opposing team has one part of its line weaker than another, to run several plays through it and when they strengthen up at this place to make an unexpected end run or forward pass is plausible. Another trick, which is common in the game, is to try line-bucking until the opponents secondary defense is drawn in towards the center of the line and then to open up a forward pass. This will work towards gain nine times out of every ten times it is tried.

Third, but not least, is to be careful not to overwork any single player. If one side of the line seems to be dragging, run plays through or around the other side of the line, run forward passes when the ends are rested and run line-bucks when they are tired. Probably the most important part in this department is to watch the backfield men. When any one of them in particular seems fagged, let him interchange with another until he is rested up. One will find all these good qualities in our own little Hennie Homan, for the St. Joseph's players said that the University of Pennsylvania never had as good a quarterback as he.

ARTHUR M. FROCK.

## LIVING A HUNDRED LIVES IN ONE

If you could change places with any person in the world, in whose shoes would you like to stand? You might think it would be fun to be the President of the United States, or a movie star, or an Arctic explorer. But when you stop to think it over, you realize that the President has a few more responsibilities than you would really care to shoulder; the movie star's work is very hard, and there is no telling what dreadful thing might happen any time to an Arctic explorer.

After all, you'd rather be yourself than anybody else in the world. The ideal arrangement would be to live the life of the other fellow for a few hours, and then right-about face and be yourself again.

Well, you can do it. In olden times, before machines were invented and before the coming of the income tax, fairies used to travel around the world offering favored mortals three wishes which would give them the opportunity to do or



be anything in the world. It was kind enough of the fairies, but their method of personal investigation was so slow and inefficient that only a few people had their wishes granted at a time. But with the invention of modern machinery the fairies were enabled to increase their output, so that now, with the art of printing in its present stage of development, they give everybody an indefinite number of chances to choose another identity. Of course, the best feature of the fairy magic is not merely being a lark, but it is educational, too. No one can find himself in some other fellow's shoes without learning something valuable.

The man or woman, boy or girl, who reads, can slip into the minds of the most famous personages of the past or present, and know just how they have lived, what they did and thought. Unless you have tried it, you have no idea what fun it is to be some one else for a few hours and then be yourself again.

MARGIE BROWN.

### SHALL THEY DECIDE OUR PROBLEMS?

History is being written and has been written with blood—the blood spilt by a group who act as a barrier to any new thought. They are not organized as a political party; they have no nominee for leadership, but they go on down the road of self-interest as a united army with a united purpose, to check any new movement. At their hands pioneers have been left by the wayside as dead. Because of them ambitions have been unattained, and suffering unabated.

Has it always been so? Yes, every page of history, both secular and religious, is red with the blood they have drawn. In Jesus' time, while His face was aglow after the performing of a miracle, "They reasoned among themselves" and only a short time afterwards, after He had finished His high priestly prayer, "They took counsel together, that they might kill Him."

The Scribes and Pharisees of His day only change in name as time sweeps by. We pass to a courtroom scene. A man is on trial. What is the accusation? He has done some new thinking in the theology. It is Martin Luther. Because he dared to be original he must die, little suspecting that his name would become great in history.

The church composes some of the members of this group to whom no one has cared to give a name, only to know them by They and quote them as "They said—" Leaving the court where Luther was tried we go to the church to find our example. Galileo, while over him was standing the Pope and while They watched, was made to sign a paper declaring that the world does not move. Why? No one else believed it, so They searched the Scriptures and found a text which They thought proved their belief. He was compelled to do or die. He chose life, but he knew the world really did move.

This is also true in the literary world. John Milton, because he didn't write like other men, sold his "Paradise Lost" for five pounds; and Walt Whitman's writings remained an unknown treasure until the dawn of the present century. Samuel Johnson, whose works are studied in the High Schools as classics, had to struggle to keep body and soul together. Bobbie Burns, whose "Auld Lang Syne" is known at nearly every hearthside, and whose "To a Mountain Daisy" has made many a foot more cautious, struggled for a mere existence and at the early age of thirty-seven had to submit to the Conqueror Death.

They have shown their power in the national and political affairs. Through the public press

they tried to bring shame upon Lincoln and Roosevelt, those great servants of humanity.

But shall this continue? Is it quite right that a few that never stop to think shall hinder the progress of invention and genius and philanthropic minds? In Lebanon Independent Borough, a borough having a voting population of eight hundred, only two hundred vote. Can we allow our democratic government to fall to a level where only one-fourth of its people shall take upon themselves their rightful obligation? Shall our women fail to grasp the opportunity because They have conceived the idea that they don't want to vote. Can we afford to let them snatch away the very thing on which our nation is built?

Because They are indifferent, can we afford to increase our percentage of illiteracy? Until very recently little was done individually to lower our percentage. The government did its share, but men everywhere were evading its requirements. The war revealed to us that our percentage of illiteracy was twelve per cent. How can we idly "doze" swung in the cradle that They rock?

Shall our factory girls sell life and virtue because They have voted it to be so? Our present fall in the womanhood of America is shifted to our factory girls. But statistics would also have us note that underpay, lack of interest and friendship, unattained hopes, which tend to bring all kinds of discouragement, are the main causes for the decline. While some are privileged not to be factory girls, those girls who may have been pressed and fallen, can individuals accept the decision that They give and act as though their hands were tied?

We must flee from their ideas regarding the alien. They have said, "Let him take care of himself." But is it fair? Can we not treat our new citizens as natives of our land, with a common flag and interest? How dare we longer delay? We must stand by those who claim that Americanization is our problem as well as that of the foreigner, and put our shoulders to the wheel.

We must not let our decline become graver because They will not encourage. When men everywhere, in mill, office, college and farm, forget and drift on in sin, there is a challenge. Shall we fail that They suspect we've joined church and have become hypocrites? How dare we fail?

The only way we can keep them from solving our problems is by solving them ourselves. Not in the mass, but as individuals. Strong men and women are needed who will not care what They say. It must be a brave army, for the obstacles are many. Only by enduring their persecution shall we succeed, but yet we may know:

"What matter though I stand alone?

I wait with joy the coming years;

My heart shall reap where it has sown,

And garner up its fruit of tears."

HILDA HELLER, '26.

Love and a good dinner are the only things which effectually change the character of a man.

Ira Ruth—"Frances, you look good enough to eat."

Frances—"Where shall we go?"

Claribel—"Say, Dad, can you sign your name with your eyes shut?"

Her Dad—"Of course."

Claribel—"Then please shut your eyes and sign this check."



# Activities

## DELPHIAN

The Delphians devoted almost their entire program of November tenth to the study of Wordsworth and his poetry. Short talks on the life and nature of this noted poet, and the reading of several of his poems made society session very enjoyable. The best part of the program, however, was given by Professor Beatty in his lecture on "Wordsworth and the Commonplace." Mr. Beatty was himself so interested in his subject that he could not fail to make his hearers become interested also. Because of his delightful talk, every Delphian has acquired a greater knowledge of Wordsworth and a better appreciation of his poetry.

The Delphian Society is very proud of its new members this year, for they are all very talented and will surely co-operate with the old members in making this a most successful year. Below are the names of the new Delphians.

Gladys Bossert  
Hannah Fishburn  
Esther Gubert  
Maryellen Thomas  
Madge Clemm  
Harvane Levan  
Margaret Kerr  
Esther Lutz  
Mary MacDougall  
Martha McCracken

Eva Newcomer  
Claribel Nisley  
Kath Rockefeller  
Betty Stauffer  
Ethel Donough  
Florence Groff  
Ruth Kennedy  
Edna Yake  
Grace Stoner

## CLIO

On November the third Clio held a most interesting program. Newly accepted members of the society were included on the program and it was pleasing as well as satisfying to note the splendid talent of the Freshman Class. Miss Dorcas Bortz artistically rendered a piano solo and Miss Sara Lean Zeitlin read an impressive parody on Mark Antony's oration. In the absence of the editor, Miss Dora Bilet read the Olive Branch, which added the usual spice to the program. The feature of the evening, however, was the debate on the "Near East Question," "Resolved, that the United States should interfere in the Near East Problem." Misses Esther Brunner and Mabel Silver ably defended the cause, while Miss Rosa Zeigler and Madie Shoop took the negative side of the question and won the debate.

The "All Freshman" program was rendered on November the tenth, when the verdant classmen answered to the roll call with individual stunts.

Misses Betty Leachy, Yvonne Green and Sara Leah Zeitlin pleased the Clonians with a vocal solo and pantomime while Miss Pearl Morrow read an interesting story. Miss Esther Shenk read effectively "Our Sofa," from Dr. N. C. Schlichter's collection of poems, and Miss Helen McGraw, our talented pianist, delighted us with several selections. Misses Sara Wilder and Marguerite Brossman worked out some clever charades and dialogues while Miss Marian Coyle displayed her talent as a musician. Miss Anna Bomberger gave a short and snappy address and Miss Dorothy Smith is to be commended in the admirable way in which she can present humorous happenings extemporaneously. Miss Lottie Snavely recited an interesting and inspiring poem which no Clonian will ever forget. Misses Matolitis and Kauffman represented our songsters. We are sure that with the talent displayed in this

Freshman program Clio can be very proud of her new original and clever daughters.

On Friday evening, Nov. 17th, a Clio alumni program of an unusual type will be presented. More will be spoken of concerning this program in a later issue, in connection with the anniversary program of November 24th.

## PHILO

On November 3, 1922, a special Athletic Program was rendered by Philo. Roland Kenn and Richard Smith gave interesting talks on Football and on Basketball, respectively. The debate was on the subject: "Resolved, that L. V. C. shall compete with schools in her class, in major sports." Messrs. Raymond Hutchinson and Benton P. Smith upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. Claude Kupp and Guy Faust supported the negative. Elwood Stabley reviewed the history of tennis at Lebanon Valley College and indicated the future of this sport here in his talk on "Tennis Possibilities at L. V. C." The feature number on the program was Prof. Paul S. Wagner's talk on "Athletics at L. V. C." Prof. Wagner is an old Philo and his presence in Philo Hall is always welcome.

On the program for Nov. 10, 1922, were several men who have only recently become members of Philo. Elmer Eshelman recounted in brief the chief happenings in the world through current events. The debate was on the subject, Resolved, that the Movies as They now Exist are Beneficial to the World at Large. On the affirmative side were Messrs. Earl Yake and M. Welty; on the negative, Messrs. Calvin Fencil and William Quaide. Messrs. Welty and Quaide, both comparatively new members, showed remarkable public-speaking ability. Paul Gruver, another new man, painted magnificent word-pictures of the scenery of North America, in his review of Viscount Bryce's last article. Lester Leach once more delighted his brother Philos with some ballads and quaint southern songs sung to the accompaniment of his autoharp. Carl Bachman, in his first public appearance in Philo Hall, gave a very instructive discourse on the manufacture of shoes. The final number on the program was the reading of "Living Thoughts," the society paper, by Jerome Stambach, the editor.

In the business session that followed the literary session on Nov. 10th, an election of officers was held. The new president is Lester Williard. The new corresponding secretary is William Beatty.

## KALO

On Friday evening, November 10th, the snappiest program of the year was rendered before an enthusiastic audience. The interest and enthusiasm displayed Friday night is an assuring sign of the return of our old time pep and former literary superiority, but now to the nth degree.

The opening number of the program was a piano solo by our own incomparable Mr. Ruth. The keen attention paid to both his solo and encore was indicative of the Society's enjoyment and appreciation of them. The good work was continued by the next number—a debate which was a thriller in two senses; first, the subject itself was of such vital importance to student



life that not one member of the society was caught napping during the debate, and second, by means of it, the debaters—never recognized as such on the campus—were displayed in a new light. The tension was relieved by the final number—"A Sermon"—by Mr. John Knoades, whose impersonation of a colored evangelist was ultra realistic.

Kalo programs are always eye-openers. Our next program will feature our Frosh. It will be then that we can obtain an idea as to their particular abilities.

The door of Kalo is always open to friends.

### THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The annual Halloween Party, given by the Philokosmian Literary Society, was held Saturday evening, November the fourth. The students had been previously informed that it was to be a farmers' party, and every person was to be appropriately dressed for the occasion. Farmers came from far and near with their families.

The gymnasium was artistically decorated with autumn leaves, corn shocks, and pumpkins. An orchestra, composed of some of the farmers, furnished the music. Several old dances, such as The Dance of the Seven Jumps and Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, were presented. These furnished a great deal of amusement, but the feature of the evening was a series of moving pictures. The subject matter of the movies varied considerably, consisting of anything from "Sword Swallowing" to "Going Girling at L. V." However, they all proved very interesting, and seemed to be enjoyed by every one.

Last but not least were the refreshments, which were as pleasing as the events of the earlier part of the evening. After saying farewell, the farmers departed for their homes.

The party was declared a complete success, and Philo deserves to be commended for their very original way of entertaining.

### Y. W. C. A. ACTIVITIES

The annual recognition service for new members of the Y. W. C. A. was held Wednesday evening, November the first, in North Hall parlor. The regular candle light service was used. The meeting was opened by singing a hymn after which the old members repeated the purpose of the Association. Then, while the "Hymn of the Lights" was sung, each new girl lighted a small candle at the Association candle, held by the president. Then they moved around and completed the circle made by the old girls. After the singing of the Eaglesmere Conference hymn, "Follow the Gleam," the meeting was turned over to a business session to show the new girls how the business meetings are conducted.

Reports telling of the work carried on by each committee were given by the chairladies. All unfinished and new business was attended to, after which the meeting was adjourned to a social time.

The program at this time was in charge of Miss Dora Billet, chairlady of the social committee, who had planned it so that the new girls should take part. The program was as follows: a piano solo by Miss Ruth Hockfellow; a vocal solo, "Where Apples Grew on the Lilac Tree," by Miss Betty Leachey; a reading, "Grandpa's Version of Slang," by Miss Sarah Leah Zeitlin; and several Scotch airs sung by Miss Mary MacDougal. The last number was a trio by Miss Gladys Bossert, Miss Madge Clemm and Miss Harvine Levan, who sang several popular songs

accompanied by the ukulele. After refreshments were served the party came to an end, after the first Y. W. social gathering of the year.

Even though there have been many good times, the Sunday afternoon programs have not been neglected. The one of November the twelfth was especially interesting in that it celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the organizing of the Young Women's Christian Association. A program received from the National Board was carried out. The first number was the singing of "Follow the Gleam," after which Miss Della Herr, president of the Association, read about the organization of the first meeting. She read how there were only six women present at the first gathering and how they drew up a constitution based on that of the Young Men's Christian Association. She read how the Association became first a school gathering, then a state, then a national and finally a world organization. After this there was a vocal solo, "My Task," by Miss Olga M. Smith, after which the "Hymn of the Lights" was sung. The program ended, after a piano solo by Miss Dorothy Mancha, by the singing of the benediction hymn.

### MR. J. STITT WILSON

On November 7th everyone went to chapel with more enthusiasm than usual. Mr. J. Stitt Wilson was scheduled to speak, and since he came to Lebanon Valley College with such splendid recommendations from other colleges, we were quite anxious to hear him.

Mr. Wilson is traveling through the United States and Canada, lecturing to the various colleges and universities. Due to the shortness of his time here, he could not give us the full series of his lectures; however, in his three talks during the day, he succeeded in giving us plenty of material for thought. His purpose was to present world problems and to urge us, as college students, to study these problems and to take part in them.

His first lecture, which, for the most part, was introductory to the other two, served to convince us that the world today is passing through the most critical, most tragic hour in human history. The second lecture, everywhere considered his best, developed the idea of "The Master Principle—As Revealed by Science." In his presentation of this subject, Mr. Wilson clearly proved how false is the belief expressed in those few words of "the survival of the fittest." He taught, also, that there are two main aspects of life: The Struggle for Self, and the Struggle for Others, and that all forms of life which have developed most highly the latter quality are the fittest to survive. In his third lecture, he dealt with Christianity and Paganism, appealing that we accept the challenge of Constructive Christian Democracy by taking an unselfish part in the problems of the world.

In all his lectures Mr. Wilson showed many of the qualities of a good public speaker. He was intensely in earnest, thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and anxious to make his hearers understand the principles which he himself upheld. His sense of humor was keen enough to relieve, at psychological moments, the seriousness of his talk. His language was characterized by concreteness and vivid examples illustrating the truth of his statements. As for his ideas, those which he expressed, and those which he did not express, let it be sufficient to say that they made us think. And that, after all, was Mr. Wilson's main purpose.



## THE REPORTS OF THE Y. W. C. A. COMMITTEE

"Assemble, ye members of the Y. W. C. A. and harken unto me. I, the Goddess of Success, have heard you calling for me. Therefore, out of the strange, mystic land where I dwell, am I come to give you audience. You have entreated me to grant you success in your work. Before I give my promise, it is necessary that you make known unto me your plans for the year. Will you, Miss Herr, as president of the Y. W. C. A. of Lebanon Valley College, tell me what your association has done and what it purposes to do in the near future?"

"Most beautiful and esteemed goddess, we are very happy girls today because you have honored us with your presence. I will gladly tell you of four plans, and I hope to do so in such a way that you may know how much we hope to have you remain with us.

"Almost all of the responsibility of our association has been placed in the hands of various committees. The membership committee, under the leadership of Miss Esther Brunner, has done most of the work so far. It had charge of the 'Big Sister Movement' and, during the first few days of this school year, was quite busy welcoming the new girls, placing flowers and mottoes in their rooms, and also supplying the old girls with cards entitled 'The Good Samaritan in College.' As a result of the efforts of this committee, we were able to add twenty-eight members to our list of members.

"All our meetings, except those pertaining to missionary work, have been under the direction of Miss Edna Baker and her committee, who have supplied us with several interesting and helpful programs. They are determined to make still better the meetings which shall follow.

"Working with the Meetings Committee is the Music Committee, with Miss Helen Hostetter at its head. Someone has said that there are four essential needs in human life: Food, clothing, shelter and music. The purpose of the Music Committee is to secure for the girls of the Y. W. C. A. this fourth need, or music.

"Miss Lucille Shenk, as chairman of the Bible Study Committee, reports that the class in Freshman Bible study has had a promising beginning. This committee aims to give the Freshman girls a chance to become better acquainted with the teachings of the Bible and with the work of our association.

"We have also joined in the 'World Fellowship Movement,' or in the effort to bring into closer relationship the students and people of all lands. For this purpose, we devote the first meeting of every month to the missionary cause. With Miss Brenneman in charge of these meetings, they cannot help but be worthwhile.

"The Social Committee, whose chairman is Miss Dora Billet, is performing its work notably well. The members of this committee are making arrangements for four parties during the year, a house party for the cabinet in the spring, and other social events, the details of which they are not publishing. Besides all these things, in connection with the Y. M. C. A. they started our 'Match Factory,' which has met with so much approval among the students.

"The publicity part of our association is taken care of by a committee with Miss Madie Shoop as chairman. She and her co-workers have been pleasing everyone with their clever, attractive, posters, advertising the meetings, and with the literature which they distribute from time to time to the girls.

"Last, but by no means least, I would mention that we are trying not to be selfish in our motives. To prove that we are thoughtful of those less fortunate than we, we have organized a Social Service Committee. Miss Mae Morrow, as chairman, is controlling the plan of obtaining dolls and toys, to be distributed to poor children at Christmas time.

"Now, O Goddess, I have revealed to you the accomplishments and plans of our association. We can only hope that they have been worthy of your approval. Anxiously, we await your decision."

"Miss Herr, and all other members of this splendid band of Christian girls, you need have no fear that, after hearing such a report, I could refuse to help you. You have certainly planned your work in an admirable way. In the same way continue to work and plan, and I promise to be with you, in all of your undertakings, throughout the year."

## L. V. C. UPSETS WASHINGTON COLLEGE, 32-0

L. V. C. sprung the surprise of the season on Washington College at Chestertown, Md., when our boys ran all around them on the Harrisburg "Island Field" and ran up a neat little score of 32-0. The Washington College boys came into camp, confident of swamping us with their strong combination of well experienced football men. Our boys scored at will and seemed not to exert themselves at any time throughout the game.

### First Quarter

Washington received Beck's kick-off and Bumschatt fumbled on the thirty yard line, L. V. C. recovering and losing the ball on a fumble in the first play. The first quarter was a series of fumbles until the Wilder machine got working right. Dick Smith suddenly broke loose on an end run and scored the first touchdown. Bill Wueschinski failed to kick the goal. Washington again received Beck's kick-off and advanced the ball forty yards. Here they fumbled on the first play and Wueschinski recovered the ball. Dick Smith carried the ball nine yards and Henny Homan made a first down on a line plunge. A pass from Smith to Clarkin registered 35 yards of territory for the blue and white. Joe Danker then took the ball over the line for a touchdown. Bill Wueschinski scored the extra point. Bumschatt again received Beck's kick-off and fumbled, L. V. regaining the ball. Henry Homan ran 40 yards through a broken field and it required three men to bring him down. The two teams lined up again and the whistle blew for the quarter.

### Second Quarter

During the second period, Washington showed some football stuff. They intercepted one of our forwards and advanced the ball considerable distance. They were forced to punt, however, and Wueschinski received and advanced the ball to the 20 yard line. A series of plays brought the ball to the one yard line, but here the Washington boys gummed things up and held like a stone wall, taking the ball on downs. L. V. received Darrington's punt and on the first play Henry Homan passed the ball to Wueschinski on the five yard line surrounded by three Washington men and managed to slip across the line for a touchdown. Henny's kick for the extra point failed. Washington received Frock's kick-off and fumbled, Lauster recovering the ball on the forty yard line. Play had hardly begun when the half ended.



### Third Quarter

Clarkin received Washington's kick-off. Homan scored a first down on the initial play. Wueschinski punted to Darrington after three downs had proved unsuccessful in gaining the required ten yard. Darrington was tackled the moment the ball touched him. Washington then lost the ball on downs and Homan ran through their line for 25 yards. Washington called time out to collect their senses. Play was resumed and Henny ran 30 yards through a broken field for a touchdown. Wueschinski scored the goal. Washington received rocks kick-off and had the pleasure of seeing two of their forwards grounded, and lost the ball on downs. Smith then carried the ball for 40 yards, Homan for eight, and Boehm for ten. Darrington then received Homan's off-side kick and grounded several forwards. Wueschinski received the punt as the whistle blew.

### Fourth Quarter

Dick Smith ran around end for ten yards, Homan went through the line for eight yards, L. V. was penalized 5 yards for off-sides. Wueschinski then punted. Washington had two more grounded forwards, and Wueschinski intercepted the third. Boehm advanced the ball ten yards, Homan twenty yards to the five yard line and Boehm took it over on a line plunge. Homan received Washington's kick-off and advanced the ball to midfield. Washington then gained the ball on downs. The game ended 32-0.

#### Lineup

L. V. C.	Position	Washington
Danker.....	left end .....	Reiger
Beck (Capt.) ..	left tackle .....	Duffy
Renn.....	left guard .....	Scarborough
Frock.....	center .....	Kelly
Lauster.....	right guard .....	(Capt) Keeney
Burtner.....	right tackle .....	Wilhs
Clarkin.....	right end .....	Carol
Homan.....	quarterback .....	Kavanaugh
Smith.....	left halfback .....	Gordy
Wueschinski.....	right halfback.....	Buschatt
Boehm.....	full back .....	Crowe

Touchdowns—Boehm, Smith, Wueschinski, Homan, Danker. Goals from Touchdowns—Wueschinski 2. Substitutions—L. V. C., Metoxin for Danker, Whistler for Beck, Musser for Frock, Rupp for Burtner, LaPoint for Smith, Smith for LaPoint, Perry for Smith. Referee—Seymour, Springfield; Umpire—Craig, Penn State; Head Linesman—Hautz, Gettysburg. Score by periods:

L. V. C. ....	13	6	7	6—32
Washington .....	0	0	0	0—0

Time of periods—15 minutes.

### L. V. C. SPILLS SUSQUEHANNA, 19-0

Our boys got Susquehanna on the run on the Lebanon Gridiron and cleaned them up decisively with a 19-0 score. The Susquehanna boys were confident of winning and considered their season a success if they could manage to defeat us. We often wonder what they think now. Our boys simply outclassed them, but easy playing kept the score down to 19-0.

#### First Quarter

Means kicked off and the ball rolled behind the goal posts and resulted in a safety. L. V. punted and Susquehanna received and lost the ball on downs. The ball exchanged hands several times within the first five minutes of play, finally coming into the possession of Susquehanna. The referee then penalized the visitors 10 yards for

holding. On the next play they were thrown for a loss of 10 yards. They were forced to punt, and Perry received. L. V. advanced the ball up the field and Dick Smith went around end and down the field for a touchdown. Perry failed to tally the seventh point. Sweeney received Beck's kick-off and advanced thirty yards. Susquehanna had the misfortune of grounding several forwards, and again were forced to kick. Perry received on the 15 yard line and advanced 20 yards. Wueschinski went through the line for 10 yards, and Dick Smith duplicated the stunt on the next play. L. V. was penalized for off-sides and Perry punted to Sweeney, who covered considerable acreage before he was gathered in by Lauster's husky arms. Birdie Renn was injured on the next play, but refused to leave the game. Play was scarcely resumed when the period ended. Score, 6-0.

### Second Quarter

Sweeney came into the limelight by a broken field run which netted him 30 yards. However, his team-mates did not seem to equal his stellar playing, and lost the ball on downs on the 25 yard line. Sweeney then dropped into oblivion by fumbling Perry's punt, which Birdie Renn collected and delivered to Frock. Smith then ran 30 yards, but L. V. was penalized 10 yards for holding. Perry punted out of bounds on the 30 yard line. He then received Susquehanna's punt and advanced 20 yards. Danker then gained 25 yards on a forward. Sweeney again came into prominence by intercepting a pass and gaining 20 yards. Wueschinski, however, intercepted the next pass and regained the lost 20 yards. Our next forward pass was grounded as the whistle blew and the half ended 6-0.

### Third Quarter

The third quarter was listlessly played by both teams. However, our boys checked every sign of activity on the part of Susquehanna. Sweeney received the kick-off and advanced his usual 20 yards. Danker was hurt on the next play, but he also refused to leave the game. Susquehanna was forced to punt. Perry received and advanced 15 yards. He then punted to Susquehanna and Sweeney received on the 35 yard line. Susquehanna was thrown for a loss of 8 yards on the next play. They then punted to Perry, who received on the 10 yard line. L. V. was penalized five yards for off-sides, and Perry again punted. Henry Homan entered the game and relieved Perry. Susquehanna lost the ball on downs, and the quarter ended, 6-0.

### Fourth Quarter

The fourth quarter was the big quarter for the blue and white. With Henny guiding the team, they traveled like magic. Henny made two spectacular 30-yard runs in succession. The ball was advanced to the ten yard line, and Wueschinski took it over. Henny kicked the goal from touchdown. Score stood 13-0. Thomas received Beck's kickoff and advanced 30 yards. Susquehanna was penalized for holding. Sweeney went around end for 15 yards, and a pass was grounded on the next play. They were forced to kick and Wueschinski received and ran 25 yards. Homan carried the ball 10 yards on the next play. Wueschinski added 15 more yards, and Henny's 12 yards came in handy in advancing the ball to the five yard line. Wueschinski then took the ball over. Henny failed to kick the goal. Susquehanna received the kick-off and the whistle blew before the ball went into play again. Game ended 19-0. Summary:



J. V. C.	Position	Susquehanna
Danker	l. e.	M. Smith
Beck	l. t.	Nippie
Renn	l. g.	Riggs
Rock	c.	Means
Lauster	r. g.	Banner
Burtner	r. t.	Blout
Clarkin	r. e.	Thomas
Perry	q. b.	Dodd
La Point	l. h. b.	Sweeney
Wueschinski	r. h. b.	Bolic
R. Smith	f. b.	Constable
Touchdowns—Smith, Wueschinski 2. Goals from touchdowns—Homan. Substitutions: L. V. C.—Smith for LaPoint, Homan for Perry, Mexxin for Clarkin, Heilman for Danker. Susquehanna—Holhouser for Thomas, Hartman for Riggs, Brown for Bolic, Bolic for House. Referee—Hauch, Ursinus. Umpire—Vail, Temple. Head Linesman—Kleinfelder, Palmyra. Time of Periods—15-12-15-12. Score by Periods:		
L. V. C.	6	0 0 13—19
Susquehanna	0	0 0 0—0
CHAS. W. DANDO, '25.		

## LA PHILOSOPHIE

### Science

Ignorance, poverty, and vice must stop populating the world. To accomplish this, there is but one way. Science must make woman the owner of herself. Science, the only savior of mankind, must put it in the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will, or will not, become a mother.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

If you want a ground of brotherhood with man, not merely in these islands, but in America, on the Continent—in a word, all over the world—such as rank, wealth, fashion, or other artificial arrangement of the world can not give and cannot take away; if you want to feel yourself as good as any man in theory, because you are as good as any man in practice, except those who are better than you in the same line, which is open to any and every man; if you wish to have the inspiring and ennobling feeling of being a brother in a great freemasonry, the only International League which is likely to make mankind (as we all hope they will be some day) one—then become men of science. Join the freemasonry in which Hugh Miller, the poor Cromarty stonemason, in which Michael Faraday, the poor bookbinder's boy, became the companions and friends of the noblest and most learned on earth, looked up to by them not as equals merely but as teachers and guides, because philosophers and discoverers.—Kingsley.

The world, a world of prose,  
Full-crammed with facts, in science swathed and sheeted

Nods in stentorious after-dinner doze!  
Plangent and sad in every wind that blows  
Who will may hear the sorry words repeated:—  
"The gods are dead." —W. E. Henley.

Like the gifts of God, those of science can be made either a blessing or a curse, to glorify the human race or to destroy it; and upon civilized man himself rests the decision as to the course to follow.—Sir Richard Gregory.

Every science has been an outcast. All the altars and all the thrones united to arrest the forward march of the human race. The kings said that mankind must not work for themselves. The priests said that mankind must not think for themselves. One forged chains for the hands, the other for the soul.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

As a people we have paid little attention and given little encouragement to scientific research. It is the man working in the chemical laboratory who is to blaze the way for human progress.—Senator Wadsworth.

In our century, science is the soul of the prosperity of nations and the living source of all progress.—Pasteur.

## A DESERT IN MARCH

There are people whose idea of a desert is a boundless stretch of bare sand and shifting dunes, shimmering in the scorching heat of the sun. But the desert I want you to see, is a rolling country, bounded by majestic mountains on the north and west, and splurged with brush, varying in height from six inches to three feet, with sand-scarred, gnarled, deformed branches and small new shoots which pushed their way through the dead looking bark in order to display the whitish green leaves highly scented with the odor peculiar to sage. Here and there a yucca may be seen spreading its thick, narrow, dull green, needle-pointed leaves in every direction to protect the tall stem in its center, crowned with innumerable, creamy, bell-shaped flowers.

On the higher ground and foot-hills, scattered among the sage, are thousands of dark green bushes struggling with the sage for supremacy and gaining only by means of the countless number of spikes of flowers, resembling a wisteria, which sway in the breeze and sunlight, and present to the eye a delicate mingling of shades, from a slightly-tinted to a deep blue and purple.

Farther south, where the land slopes gradually to form a shallow basin, is a stretch of wild verbenas forming a ragged, scarlet carpet splotched with lavender and purple and green. A hundred varieties of cacti, Indian paint brush, flaming red on the landscape; flowers small and large, bell-shaped, funnel-shaped, cup-shaped; flowers resembling the lily, the daisy, the buttercup all find their life-giving substance on the desert in March.

To the right and left, at irregular intervals, are small patches of white sand glistening in the lazy sunshine. The whitish green of the sage, the dull green yucca, the different greens of the cacti, mixed with the many shades of red, blue, yellow, and purple, give one the satisfying impression that a desert in bloom is a mirage of Paradise.

I. E. BRENNEMAN '14.

## TIME

We have all the time there is. Why do you wish for more time? Is there anywhere an extra supply of time? Can a day have more than twenty-four hours? Why do you say, "If only I had time"? You have all the time there is. Can any power add one second to the length of a day? Can any power take a single second from the length of a day? You have all the time there is.

Do you wish that you had done something yesterday? Stop wishing! Do it now! Do you regret a wasted moment? It cannot be replaced. Never can you get it back. Do you spend any time planning for what you might have done "if only—"? Stop! If you have anything to do, do it now. Yesterday will never come back. The day gone is gone forever.

And be not mistaken and look forward to the



morrow to do something. Can you do anything tomorrow. Do it NOW!

Yesterday has fled. No more can we live in that dead eternity. Not even God can call back the past and give it back to us to live over again. Tno all tne prayers and regrets of the past ages were neaped together, their combined force could not give us back one second. Yesterday is not. Only today, NOW, is. Don't do things yesterday. It cannot be done. Nor can you do anything tomorrow. TOMORROW means NOT doing—and FAILURE. Yesterday and tomorrow are not. But today is. TODAY means DOING—and SUCCESS.

Put away your idle dreams and plans. Put away your mistakes and regrets. These things are not. They are dead or unborn. Only in the time NOW does anything exist. Do it NOW! NOW is the time for your thoughts to become deeds. Time waits for no man.

The only thing of which life is made is TODAY.

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on; nor all thy Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

"Tomorrow's fate, though thou be wise,  
Thou canst not tell nor yet surmise;  
Pass, therefore, not today in vain,  
For it will never come back again."

—Omar Khayyam.

#### "MUSIC A LA MODE"

There is a second Conservatory Hall of Music in Lebanon Valley College, according to my two montns' experience, and that is the men's dormitory. The lessons are free, and each student is his own teacher of voice and of instrumental music. Every student is studying and training very earnestly in order to fill the vacant chair left by the late Caruso, the greatest Italian tenor that the world has ever witnessed. Everyone sings hard with his utmost ability, especially a few minutes before supper. The high and low, sweet and flat voices fill the autumn air of the campus every evening. Some songs are so sweet that they are turning the butter sour.

Therefore, I cannot sing the oldtime songs for which my soul so often longs, in the midst of such sweet voices. I almost fear to try, for when I raise my baritone, the neighbors start to scoff and groan, and I cannot tell you why. Then the old piano starts to try to drown my voice, while Jinks, who lives just over the hall, has many pointed things to say in language far from choice. If I begin with "Nellie Gray", some fool in roaring voice will pray, and then, perhaps, he will cuss. Somebody else will imitate a lonesome cat, another fool will yell, "Hey, stop that fuss!" And so it goes! Oh! woe is me! To save my life, I cannot see what ails that doleful bunch. I fear my voice does not appeal to those who pray and swear and squeal. But that is just the college life.

H. I., '26.

Dr. Runk to Audience—"There is an invisible force which lights the globes in that chandelier."

"Shorty" Runk in Choir—"And two of them are out!"

Mary Hair—"The face is an index to the soul."  
Lena Weisman—"What does a big nose mean to the soul?"

Kiehl suggests that the thirteenth month, to be added to the calendar, be called Noctember.

We have wondered why Olga Smith appears to be so fond of chemistry, and the reason has become apparent since Prof. Bender explained that in a chemical reaction the molecules hold hands.

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# A little nonsense, now and then, Is relish'd by the best of men.

Riedel is getting desperate! He went to the bonfire with a shot gun and captured a girl by sheer force of arms.

Helen H.—“Til, there were three Jews under an umbrella. None of them got wet. How did they manage it?”

Til B.—“I don't know.”

Helen H.—“It wasn't raining.”

Dando, at Dinner—“Gee! is this spaghetti?”  
Nigrelli, eating macaroni at supper—“This spaghetti swelled up a lot since dinner.”

We wondered why Mae Morrow always asked Lukens for a spoon at meals. Now we know. The other day, after her usual question, she said: “Every time I look at you I want a (want to) spoon.”

“Weep and you're called a baby,  
Laugh and you're called a fool,  
Yield and you're called a coward,  
Stand and you're called a mule.  
Smile and they'll call you silly,  
Frown and they'll call you gruff,  
Put on a front like a millionaire,  
And some guy calls you a bluff.”

Kathryn Nissley, feeling the edge of a wisdom tooth—“I must be getting wise, but not Weiser.”  
Stella Hughes—“Then you know Mutch more.”

Sus Greiner, seated on the piano key board—“Just look at the kitty on the keys?”

Olga Smith—“Why didn't you take me along to Reading, Fake?”

Fake—“I didn't want to be seen with a married woman.”

Olga—“Oh well, no one would have known it.”

Mollie Fegan, in grocery store to C. Drummond—“Look at that enormous sausage!”

C. Drummond—“What's the matter with you, that's ham!”

Grocer—“Sorry ladies, but it's bologna.”

Many visitors attended the St. Joseph—L. V. game on the home field several weeks ago, and among them were numbered some of our Lancaster county constituents. The bitter contention in the aforesaid county between Congressman Greist and would-be Congressman Musser was vividly brought before some of the onlookers when Cleon Musser was sent into the game and a little six year-old visitor hearing the name of Musser mentioned, asked the innocent question. “Father, aren't they going to put Greist in too?”

## JOKES ? ? ?

Aungst—“It was so light up in Maine one morning at two o'clock, that my aunt said she could pick up a pin without straining her eyes.”

Nitraurer—“I guess you mean a ten pin.”

Wac Finn—“I guess I handed in a good paper in the economics exam, didn't I Prof?”

Prof. Gingrich—Yes you wrote quite a lot, but you should have mixed more economics in with your line and then you might have had a good chance to pass.

Prof. Beatty—“Any question before we dismiss?”  
Weik, (Semi-consciously)—“Yes, what time is it?”

Lichty—Say Dusty have you lived in Palmyra all your life?

Dusty—Not yet.

Mary had a Thomas Cat,  
It warbled like Caruso,  
The neighbor swung a baseball bat,  
Now Thomas doesn't do so.

“R” stands for John G. Rhoads,  
A man about town,  
He's broken the heart of every girl,  
From Hershey down.

Ruth Oyer—“I'm going down to the doctor to get intoxicated for typhoid fever.”

We all wonder why Carrol Rupp has become so religious lately.

Shorty Early says—“The Triple Alliance in Europe has nothing on us. We have the faculty, the College Book Store and the Men's Senate.”

Herr Allen ist ein soldat (?)

Prof. Grimm—Appetite and capacity have no relation whatever, the pressure just rises.

“Hungry” Herb, in math room—“This room smells like mathematics.”

Prof. Wagner—“How do you mean?”

“Hungry”—“Very dry.”

Bill Weiser is carrying a heavy schedule this year—Fresh Air 26, three hours; Frolic 56, six hours; Showers 11, two hours; Campusology 78, eleven hours. We sincerely hope that you pull through Bill.

## Found on a French Test Paper

Translation for French sentence, “Votre pere vous cherche.”—Your father is looging for you.”



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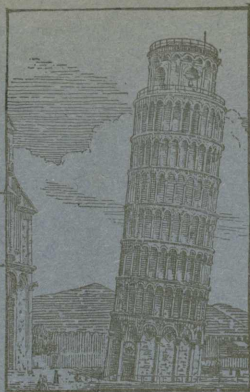
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← T O W E R ←



O F P I S A →

## IPSE DIXIT *and* GALILEO

There was much learning but little real knowledge in Galileo's time (1564-1642). Aristotle was swallowed in bad Latin translations. *Ipsedixit*. No one checked him by what seemed vulgar, coarse experiment.

Galileo fought against the dead hand of tradition. He did not argue about Aristotle, but put him to the test. Aristotle led his readers to believe that of two bodies the heavier will fall the faster. Galileo simply climbed to the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and dropped two unequal weights. The "best people" were horrified; they even refused to believe the result—that the weights reached the ground in equal times.

"Look at the world, and experiment, experiment," cried Galileo.

The biggest man in the 16th

century was not Galileo in popular estimation, but Suleiman the Magnificent, the Ottoman Emperor, who swept through Eastern Europe with fire and sword and almost captured Vienna. Where is his magnificence now?

Galileo gave us science—established the paramount right of experimental evidence. Suleiman did little to help the world.

Hardly an experiment is made in modern science, which does not apply Galileo's results. When, for instance, the physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company study the motions of electrons in rarified atmospheres, or experiment to heighten the efficiency of generators and motors, they follow Galileo's example and substitute facts for beliefs.

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# THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE  
ANNVILLE, PA.

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VOL. III No. 4

DECEMBER 13, 1922

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“For God so loved the world that he gave His  
only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in  
Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

—St. John

Special Feature in This Issue  
Mirror—LA PHILOSOPHIE



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## CHRISTMAS

The summum bonum, as the teachings of the great men of all the ages have come to agree, is Love. To the word God we immortal beings have given the attribute of being the personification of the highest good, of the best that can exist. God is Love.

It is winter. It has come to chill our bodies. Are our souls to become chilled also? No! But in proportion as the elements outside become harsher may our souls become gentler and warmer.

It is the season of the birth of the religion of Love. Some nineteen hundred years ago was born the man whose immortal work was the giving of the greatest of religions to the world. What is this religion? What is it that Christ stands for, to every soul who understands never so little about him? It is Love.

Christ's message of Love is ever new. Can it ever lose its greatness, its nobleness, its sublimity, its preciousness to each soul that catches a glimpse of it? Its wonder surpasseth all understanding. Brighter than the greatest brightness is the glory of it. It is a brightness not of this world, though in it, but of the spiritual, of the eternal, world.

Where is Love found? Just as Heaven is found within us, so is it within us that Love dwells. Search it not out upon the hills nor yet upon the plains. Go not out to "God's Country" to find it. There it is not. Only here is it. Do we go to China or to India to find ourselves? Then why look we anywhere but into ourselves to find God and Love?

Young man, believe in those golden things you see in the girl you hope to make happy. Young

woman, have faith in your love of the boy with whom you hope to share the best years of your life. But let neither of you use the name of Love in vain; give not the name of Love to that which is not Love. Do this and later—do not forget this lesson. For the love of man for woman, woman for man, is a joyous, glorious, sublime apprenticeship to the greatest love, like that which God has for mankind.

Christmas is near. Its signs are everywhere. What does it mean to you? Is it a time when you vex your soul with worries of gifts? Give the supreme gift, Love. You may not be able to give others things of great money value. No matter—give the most precious of gifts. It is a gift that cannot be bought, though all wealth and power were offered for it. It is the gift the Man of Galilee gave, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto thee." Blessed are we indeed if we follow his example!

Friends, when you go home for the Christmas holidays, let your heart overflow. The old folks have missed you. Now, while you are at home, show them your love for them. They have lavished love upon you; now lavish it upon them. "The old folks are hungrier for love than for bread."

Think not that you can help the poor by giving them material things. True, the gifts of food and clothing are gifts that Christ himself would give; but Christ did give a gift to the poor far greater than these. Harken unto Ruskin, "It is not written, blessed is he that feedeth the poor, but he that considereth the poor. A little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money."

And so, friends, during this Christmas season, let our souls become spreaders of Love.



# Mirror

## LA PHILOSOPHIE

### Love

For when we talk of loving we mean that we have found some one greater than we in whose life we can merge our own that his will become ours, and we, through union with him, shall escape our own pettiness.

Love is not love which has not holy fear at the heart of it.—Palmer.

Riches take wings, comforts vanish, hope withers away, but love stays with us. Love is God.—Lew Wallace.

The principal reason why people fall in love is because they are so constituted, physically and mentally, that it is the normal, natural thing for them to do. There is not one single formula for arousing love. It just happens.—Dr. Britan.

Love is the one thing that never looks for a return from its expenditure and the only thing that never misses it.—J. K. Wilson, D.D.

Love, Religion and Work are the great fundamentals of life.—Walter W. Manning.

The first and necessary impulse of every truly taught and knightly heart is this of blind service to its lady; that where that true faith and captivity are not, all wayward and wicked passions must be; and that in this rapturous obedience to the single love of his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes. And this, not because such obedience would be safe, or honourable, were it ever rendered to the unworthy; but because it ought to be impossible for every noble youth—it is impossible for every one rightly trained—to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.—John Ruskin.

One of the most common evidences of uncontrolled emotionality is jealousy. Three hundred years ago Shakespeare well named it "the green-eyed monster." Some have made the grave mistake of being pleased at signs of jealousy in those they like or admire, regarding this as proof of their depth of love. Instead, it is one of the strongest evidences of their excessive love for themselves. Jealousy springs from selfishness. Jealous persons are always thinking of their pleasures, their desires, their interests, and are chiefly occupied with thoughts of themselves. They want all attention centered on them, and show their love (?) and fondness (?) when they do not receive it in temper or outbreaks of rage. This is not love, "that thinketh not of itself, that suffereth long, and is kind."—Louise Francis Spaller.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, these shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.—St. Paul.

Above all things have fervent love among yourselves.—St. Peter.

Where Love is, God is. He that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God. God is Love. Therefore love. Without distinction, without calculation, without procrastination, love. Lavish it upon the poor, where it is very easy; especially upon the rich, who often need it most; most of all upon our equals, where it is very difficult, and for whom perhaps we each do least of all.—Henry Drummond.

## PRACTICAL ADVICE

When you use a line, be sure it is well-greased, but a fact or so would make a splendid dressing.

Fellows! When you lay your heart at the foot of a woman, be sure she is no kicker.

How much better it would be if people would realize that feathers do not make the bird.

### Smile

When you're down and out, smile. Just smile. Smile whether you feel like it or not. When everything goes wrong, smile. When you're happy, smile. When you're blue, smile. Whatever you are, smile. It won't hurt you, it will do you good, and it will do the other fellow good. It isn't strenuous, such mild exercise will harm no one. It doesn't take much time; in fact, you'll never miss the time, and you're much more beautiful when you smile. You know some of us need all such contributions. Just try it, won't you? Good! There it goes. I knew you could. Now take a peep into the mirror, quick, before you lose it. There, now, isn't that lovely? I just knew you could do it. All you had to do was to try. Now just keep trying and you'll keep smiling, and the first thing you know the blues will be flying and there'll be no need of sighing or trying, for you'll just love to smile.

## Definitions the Seniors May Receive Next Year

A hill is a young mountain.

A river is a bunch of water that don't know where it's agoin'; and a sea is a bunch of water that ain't got no place to go.

A volcano is a pile of rocks and ashes piled up so high that it can't hold no more and busts.

Sir Walter Raleigh he was the first white man and he married Pocahontas who was the first white woman and their child was called Virginia Dare which was the first white child.

A snake is an earthworm drawn out.

The French Huguenots went to this country because they was afraid if they stayed in Holland their children might speak Dutch.



# Literary

## THE THIRD READER

After all the books with which I have spent long hours, there is a particular one that filled my childish years with joy and inspiration. Even while the a b c's stumbled from my tongue, I desired to read this book, as one desires the friendship of a person often seen but yet unknown. I loved the pictures of which I could not know the stories. I hated the stupid sentence of my first book: "I see a cat. The cat sees me." So, unknown to my teacher, I treasured a precious Third Reader in my desk. I must confess that my zeal in studying was not due to a natural inclination alone, but to my strong desire to grasp the riches of my precious book.

Therefore I studied diligently and received my reward in less than two years. I could not express the pride and joy with which I showed my book to my mother. In my excitement I forgot all about supper. I had my book. Often before I had looked at the pictures in it, but since it became mine, I studied them with new interest. One especially charmed me. A man and a lion stood facing each other in the arena of a vast amphitheater. Hundreds of people pointed cruel hands at them. Before I could read the words below the picture, the dark cloud of smoke in the background drew my attention. But now I spelled out the hard words: "Ar-ba-ces to the lion! Ar-ba-ces to the lion!" My heart beat with excitement. I felt myself in that throng clamoring "Arbaces to the lion."

In another picture dark Pluto had caught the fair Prosperina from the sunlight. I gleaned the story of that and many other illustrations in my book. My heart light and gay danced and sang with The Brook of Tennyson. The stories of Jennie Wade and Molly Pitcher filled me with courage. The cruel fate of the mother weeping for her lost child melted me to tears. I learned through my Third Reader to live in the book I read.

As I grew older, other books came into my hands. I read them eagerly. No day passed without some story to enrich my mind. Fortunately, most of the books I read have received the praise of great writers and critics. I laughed and cried. I lived with Dickens, Thackeray and Lytton. Literature is filled with allusions to the stories I read in my Third Reader. And when I meet with them, I go back fondly to those first years in which I learned to love books. And as an old man loves to go back home after years of wandering, I love to dream of the days of my Third Reader. Like a little girl who clings lovingly to the old dollie in spite of new ones, my affections are true to my Third Reader, which opened to me the beautiful world of books.

E. N. '26.

## A CAMOUFLAGED VACATION

Our idea of a vacation is a time when we have nothing to do but to take life easy and enjoy ourselves. The vacation granted us by our kind Faculty on Monday, November thirteenth, changed our idea of a vacation: especially for the Freshmen, and a few of the Sophomores.

The vacation granted us by the Faculty officially took effect Monday morning at eight

o'clock, but this vacation really began at midnight for the underclassmen. In order to celebrate our football victory over Susquehanna, the underclassmen went around town and gathered together all the old boxes, barrels, crates and telegraph poles that were obtainable.

The following morning many of the good citizens of Annville were at the college seeking their belongings which had so mysteriously disappeared on the night before. The Electric Company also found some of their property on the athletic field, which they removed promptly.

After the many citizens had recovered their property, we found that we did not have enough wood to make the stack of debris as large as we desired, so we started out through the town to get more junk. We went to every business place and gathered together all the boxes and other rubbish which they did not want, and took it to the athletic field.

The greatest task we had to perform was to take a telegraph pole from one of the back alleys. This pole weighed a thousand pounds, and required some lifting and pulling to get it to the athletic field. After we reached the field we placed the pole in the ground and then stacked the boxes and barrels about it. When our task was completed, the pile of wood was fifteen feet in diameter and twenty-five feet in height.

In the evening, before the great pile of wood was lit, we had a series of speeches by the different men of the school who are interested in football. Doctor Gossard, alumni athletic manager, the coach, the captain of the team, the chef all spoke inspiringly to the student body. After this Doctor Gossard applied the burning brand to the pile of wood, and the light from this great bonfire could be seen for several miles.

After the fire had burned out, we returned to the dormitory, and considered this vacation one of the best times we had so far at Lebanon Valley College, even though it was camouflaged.

## QUAKERS

It is strange how few people know anything about Quakers, even in our own State of Pennsylvania, which was founded by William Penn, a Quaker. It was John Fox who converted Penn to his religion based on the truth that there is an inner light in every man, which, if he would only heed it, would lead him to righteousness. Penn, after having been punished for profession of this new faith in England, finally came to America with a little band of followers, and settled in the State of Pennsylvania.

In Philadelphia and its vicinity one may still see these Quakers, or as they call themselves, "Friends," but they are becoming fewer and fewer. The women wear plain dresses, shawls, and bonnets of dull gray or brown, while the men wear broad-brimmed hats and plain, dark suits without collars on their coats. Because of this plain dress, the Friends are often confused in people's minds with the Pennsylvania Germans, from whom they differ greatly in reality.

Another peculiarity is their speech. While other people use "thee" and "thou" with the corresponding verb forms only in addressing the Deity, the Friends use this form of speech habitually in addressing each other. Instead of say-



ing January, February, March, etc., for the months of the year, they say first month, second month, third month, holding that the common names were taken from the names of heathen gods, and therefore should not be used. For the same reason, they call the days of the week first, second, third day, etc.

In their religious services, Friends differ greatly from other sects. On Sunday morning, usually at ten o'clock, they have a service which lasts for one hour. During this time, they sit in silent worship unless one of their number feels moved to say something that he feels will help the others. There are no paid ministers, but those men of the meeting who have a gift for speaking sit on a bench facing the others, and speak whenever they feel called upon to do so. The Friends' meeting has no ceremony, for they do not even believe in baptism or communion except in the spiritual sense.

The Society of Friends is, I think, an excellent example of a people living their religion. Smoking, drinking and swearing are so unusual as to be practically unknown among them, and angry words would seem inconsistent with their gentle "thou". But they err in keeping too much to themselves and in making no new converts. The fire of their religion seems to have burned low, and their young people in many cases, dissatisfied with the silent meetings and lack of religious instruction, go to other denominations to worship, so that the Society of Friends has become almost extinct in the state which they founded for the furtherance of their religion.

D.S. '26.

### ONLY A SCRUB

Few people ever noticed him, to the majority he was unknown. However, every evening of the season, he arrived on the gridiron promptly at 3.30 and remained there until darkness dismissed the team from signals and scrimmage. He then returned to his dormitory and his studies. He was not exceedingly brilliant, nor did the professors ever grant him any more favors than were due the average man. He was not popular with the students, he did not seem to be one of them. Everything in the world was against him.

On Saturday, after having had to put up with the poorest type of accommodation and transportation, he was sent to play against a team almost as heavy as the one that the varsity played. But the team he played did not have and thus could not give to him the reputation that a varsity man would receive. No honor, esteem, or wild applause was to be his.

In the game he fought as hard as he was able, after having battled with the varsity for the entire week. Perhaps he lost, perhaps he won, but through it all he did his best.

At night he returned by the same route by which he had gone. Few noticed him, possibly someone casually asked him the score. If he lost, they simply sighed "Too bad" and went their way. If he won, they meekly said "Good work, keep it up". Amid the cheers that he helped give for the varsity, none was included for him or for the team on which he played.

Thus the season passed. He had obtained only criticism, fatigue and injury. He had received a low grade and unpopularity; he had received only the undesirable. But upon the gridiron, either at home or away from home, he had sacrificed his very best for his Alma Mater. Through it all,—he was only a Scrub.

### WE LOVE

We love being placed upon the programs of our literary society.

We love being asked questions in our classes.

We love exams in Physics.

We love to pay our college bills.

We love to hear Dad's lectures when we ask for money.

We love high stiff collars.

We love to buy flowers for the girls at the anniversaries of the societies.

We love the pretty little lakes on the north side of the Boys' Dorm.

We love coming back to school after vacations.

We love to see underclassmen step into a room just before upperclassmen.

We love the study of Psychology.

We love being told to go to church.

We love chef's overgrown lemons.

We love the way in which answers are given in our Education Class.

We love to see sheets walking at midnight.

We love to feel the same sheets in action.

We love cold water baths.

We love the absence of lights in the corridors.

We love ice-cold radiators.

We love to hear others groan in chapel.

We love the preachings, the announcements, the suggestions, the sermons, the exhortations, the expostulations, the explanations in chapel.

We love to work out problems for others.

We love the odors in the Biology Lab.

We love peace.

We love to study.

We love to write up experiments.

We love coy eyes, artistically manipulated.

We love the evening classes in Socializing held in the library.

We love compulsory gym classes.

We love the college tradition which says that everyone must be late at all meetings.

We love the thoughtful and kindly waiting that is given us when we go to see any affair in Engle Hall.

We love to have others pass us in silence.

We love our enemies.

We love.

Don't borrow a creed from other people,  
Nor hang most faith on the stoutest steeple.  
Look up for your law, but oh! look higher  
Than the hands on any humanspire.  
If ten think alike, and you think alone,  
That never proves 'tis ten to one  
They are right, you wrong; for truth, you see,  
Is not a thing of majority.  
It never can make you false, them true,  
That there's more of them than there is of you:  
If your touch is on Truth's garment's hem,  
There is more of you than a world of them.  
'Tis not alone in the Orient region,  
That a certain hero's name is Legion.  
Nor was it only for once to be  
That the whole herd together ran down to the sea.

Your zenith for no man else is true:  
Your beam from the sun comes alone to you.  
And the thought the great God gave your brain  
Is your own for the world, or the world's in vain.  
—Edward Rowland Sill.

\* \* \*

Man is his own star; and the soul that can  
Render an honest and an upright man,  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;  
Nothing to him falls early or too late.  
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

—Beaumont and Fletcher.



# Alumni Notes

Mr. and Mrs. William Glasgow announce the birth of Margaret Elizabeth Glasgow on July 30, 1922. Mrs. Glasgow will be remembered as Margaret E. Myers, class of 1916. She is now living at 145 W. College Avenue, York, Penna.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Haverstock, 1917, of Washington, D. C., announce the birth of a daughter, Ruth Emily, on August 2, 1922. Mrs. Haverstock was Myrtle Daugherty, '16.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. V. Shannon announce the arrival of Josephine Marie, named after her mother, who was Josephine Matinas, class of '16.

Ruth Taylor, 1916, now Mrs. Walter L. Iler, is living in Altadena, California, where her husband is engaged in the electrical business.

Mary A. Bergdoll, class of 1916, is teaching in the York High School.

Miss Grace M. Dietz, '21, is head of the Latin Department in the Lewistown High School. This is Miss Dietz's second year in Lewistown.

Rev. C. Guy Stambach, class of 1916, is preaching at Spring Run, Pa.

Rev. John E. Oliver, '19, is pastor of the United Brethren Church at Shenandoah, Va.

Miss Lena Angell, ex-'22, is teaching at Shiloh, near York, Pa.

Mr. David T. Gregory, 1917, is president of The Shenandoah Collegiate Institute, Dayton, Va.

Mr. Isaac F. Boughter, class of 1919, is professor of history at Salem College, Salem, W. Va.

Miss Myrtle Lefever, '20, is teaching at South Fork, Pa. She is also director of Junior Christian Endeavor Work of the U. B. Church in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Edgar C. Hastings, '21, is teaching at Phoenixville, Pa. He paid the college a short visit during the Thanksgiving vacation.

Miss May S. Hohl, class of 1920, is teaching English at Palmerton, Pa.

Rev. Harry Preston Ruppenthal, '20, is pastor of the First United Brethren Church at Staunton, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman C. Boudier recently announced the birth of a son to them. Mrs. Boudier was formerly Miss Helena Maulfair, of the Class of 1920. Mr. Boudier graduated in 1919, and is at present employed at the Edgewood Arsenal, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Harry M. Crim, '20, is teaching in the Hanley Industrial Schools, Winchester, Pa.

Miss Minerva Raab, a graduate of the Conservatory of Music of the Class of 1922, was present at the Clonian Anniversary. Miss Raab appeared on the program as guest organist.

Mr. Emil Gaston VandenBosche, '22, who is teaching science in Pittsburgh, was present at the anniversary of the Clonian Literary Society.

Messrs. Heinie Herr, Rodney Kreider, Addie Miller and Cy Sherk, of the classes of '21 and '22, occupied gallery seats at the Clonian Anniversary.

Miss Ida Bomberger, 1920, is teaching at Minersville, Pa.

Mr. Albert Henry Gerberich, '88, is principal at Christiana High School, Christiana, Pa.

We never know for what God is preparing us in his schools, for what work on earth, for what work in the hereafter. Our business is to do our work well in the present place, whatever that may be.—Lyman Abbott.

## U. B. PASTOR DIES AT READING

Word was received this week, by relatives and friends, of the death of Rev. C. E. Boughter, pastor of Lykens United Brethren church. He was for many years secretary of East Pennsylvania Conference of this Church, and a native of Lebanon county. Death occurred on Sunday, Dec. 3rd, at the Reading hospital, following a recent operation. He was aged about 55 years. The sad news of the death of this prominent clergyman was received here with sincere regret by local U. B. pastors, and friends throughout Annville, the county, and at Lebanon Valley College, where he was at one time a student.

Rev. Boughter's health has lately been impaired. Several weeks ago he went to Reading on a visit to his sons. He received treatment at the hospital. An operation was decided upon, and performed. Death followed a sudden turn in his condition.

Rev. Boughter was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Boughter, and was born in the Monroe Valley, in the northern section of this county. He entered the ministry about 30 years ago.

He leaves his widow and three sons, E. Kephart, preacher, of Lansford, Pa., and Luke and Russell, both of Reading, both of whom saw service in the late World War; a daughter, Miss Dorothy, student at West Chester State Normal School; and the following brothers and sisters: William Boughter, of 509 North Tenth street; John, of 333 Chestnut street, and Mrs. George F. Motzer, wife of a merchant, at 509 North Seventh street, all of Lebanon; A. H. Boughter, of Pinegrove, and Mrs. Augustus Leshar, of Annville. Mrs. George Feather, of Lebanon, is a niece.

Mrs. Boughter, the widow, is a sister to D. B. Fritz, of this place, and Mrs. Jacob Shenk, of North Annville.

The deceased was one of the most active and best known clergymen in the U. B. Church. He was successful in pastoral work in various parts of East Pennsylvania Conference. He at one time was pastor of West Lebanon church, and he also served charges at Ephrata, Reading, Oberlin, Dauphin county, Orwigsburg, Lykens, and elsewhere.

Put away all sarcasm from your speech. Never complain. Do not prophesy evil. Have a good word for everyone, or else keep silent.—Henry Ward Beecher.

\* \* \*

I hope I shall possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, that of an "Honest Man."—George Washington.

\* \* \*

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.—Edward Everett Hale.

\* \* \*

Punishment closely follows sin, it being born at the same time with it. Whoever expects punishment already suffers it; whoever has deserved it, expects it.—Montaigne.



# Activities

## THE FACULTY ARE ENTERTAINED

Dr. and Mrs. G. D. Gossard entertained the members of the faculty and their wives in their usual congenial and charming manner on Tuesday evening, just before the Thanksgiving holidays. The Thanksgiving atmosphere seemed to prevail, and the guests will long remember the sumptuous Thanksgiving dinner served to them, because some members of the faculty impressed this condition upon the minds of their colleagues by a talented reproduction of the classic, "How Full We Are!"

The Gossard home was artistically decorated in the prevailing colors of the season, with orange and brown in the fore. Clever Thanksgiving place cards led the guests to their seats at the table, and the old-fashioned nose-gays of fifty years ago made novel favors for the dignified guests. Each guest received an invitation in rhyme to take part in a charade with four or five others. The charades aided much in bringing into the limelight the hitherto unexpressed and certainly unexpected talents with which our beloved faculty is endowed. Certainly none of us suspected that the Greek Department harbored a clog dancer! Neither did we expect that some of the members of our staid faculty might even pretend to emulate some well-known comedians. The clever little charade portraying the Japanese word will be long remembered, as well as the mock wedding and particularly the sweet little girl who carried the train for the bride. The members of the faculty are always pleased by these delightful and unusual entertainments at the home of our President. The student body certainly wishes that each faculty member will have many other opportunities to make merry under the Gossard roof-tree.

## PHILO

The following program was rendered by Philo on Nov. 17, 1922:

Freshman Impressions of L. V. C. Raymond Tyson  
Who Shall Go to College?..... Alfred Frock  
Debate: Resolved, That Sophomores Should Have the Power to Enforce Freshman Rules.

Affirmative—Elmer Eshelman, M. H. Welty.  
Negative—J. B. Reed, C. Roper.

Japanese Song..... Henry Ishimura  
Original Poem..... Samuel Early

All the men on the program are new members of the society. Their appearance and their rendition of the program augurs well, indeed, for the future welfare of our dear old Philo.

On Nov. 22, 1922, a score of the new members received their second degree.

## JUNIOR PLAY

The production of the Junior play, "The Pillars of Society," by Ibsen, has been postponed until after the mid-year examinations. The play will probably be produced in February.

Prof. H. H. Shenk was one of the judges in the Lafayette-F. & M. debate at Lancaster on December 8th.

There is no good in life but love—but love!  
What else looks good, is some snake hung from love;

Love guides it, gives it worth.

—Robert Browning.

Let us love so well

Our work shall still be sweeter for our love,  
And still our love be sweeter for our work.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Pure religion as taught by Jesus Christ is a life, a growth, a divine spirit within, coming out in love and sympathy and helpfulness to our fellow-men.—Dr. H. W. Thomas.

## MUSIC CONSERVATORY

It is with great pleasure and enthusiasm that we watch the rapid growth, development and advancement of the Conservatory of Music of Lebanon Valley College with the arrival of Dr. Johann M. Blose as director and Sir Edward Baxter Perry as concert pianist and teacher, from Hood College. This progress is also aided materially by the able assistance of Prof. Campbell in the departments of Piano, Organ, and History, and of Prof. Hardman as head of the Voice department. The Conservatory has always been regarded by many Literary students as a department separate from the college proper, and now it is with great pleasure that we watch this barrier being broken down and the Conservatory coming into its own.

Among the many improvements, two stand out with greatest prominence, viz., the formation of an Oratorio Society and the organization of the Students Evening Recitals.

The Oratorio Society at present is studying "The Messiah," by Handel, to be rendered some time after Christmas. The work being done by this society is indeed praise-worthy.

The Students Evening Recital meets every other Tuesday evening. It renders a programme which all are cordially invited and urged to attend. Upon a comparison of our Recital Programmes with those of other conservatories, even those of old standing and those much larger and more famous than our own, we find that their programmes do not nearly equal our programmes either in class or difficulty of Musical Literature. This means that our Conservatory is finally taking its place among the first conservatories of the country. This progress is due to the able directorship of Dr. Blose and his able assistants in the various departments.

On Monday night, Nov. 27, 1922, the following programme was rendered:

Lindsay	Danse Antique
Miss Elizabeth Kettering	
Kinder	Berceuse
Miss Ruth Baker	
Mendelssohn	Prelude in E Minor
Moszkowski	Momento Giojoso
Miss Helen McGraw	
Godard	Trilbi
Miss Dorothy Mancha	
Hawley	Were I a Star
Mrs. Paul E. Cooper	
Delahaye	Colombine Minuet
Miss Verna Pell	
Dubois	Toccata in G Major
Mr. Donald Fields	



Speaks .....	June
Russel .....	Vaie
Chopin .....	Miss Sarah Lindemann
Chopin .....	Grand vaise in A flat, Op. 34
Chopin .....	Vaise in C sharp minor, Op. 64
Chopin .....	Miss Ruth Rockafellow

The students of the other departments of the College are taking advantage of this excellent opportunity of hearing the best of musical literature, and we are sure all are amply repaid for so doing. Our best wishes and hearty co-operation are with Dr. Blose and the faculty for the best year in the history of the Conservatory.

Sir Edward Baxter Perry, of our Conservatory faculty, gave a lecture-recital at Philadelphia, November twenty-fourth, and at West Chester, Pa., on the twenty-fifth. He will do the same at York and Middletown early in December.

### THE CHORAL SOCIETY

The Choral Society of the Lebanon Valley Conservatory of Music will present Handel's "Messiah" on January the sixteenth. This organization will be assisted by a group of musicians from the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. The soloists include Mrs. Edith Gingrich Harnish, soprano, of Palmyra; Mrs. Edith Frantz Mills, contralto, of Annville; Prof. Frank Hardman, tenor, of Lebanon Valley College, and Prof. W. H. Harclerode, baritone, of Harrisburg. This indeed, bids fair to be one of the rarest treats offered to music lovers and artists in this vicinity for some time.

On Friday evening, November 24, 1922, Clio gave its 52nd Annual Anniversary. Maidens in Puritan garb led the guests to their seats. They gave a curious, old-world atmosphere—these dainty maidens, and caused everyone to wonder the why and the wherefore. The first part of the program was as follows:

#### PART I

Piano Solo—Erotik Poeme Erotique.....	Grieg
Invocation.....	Margaret Rhodes
Invocation.....	Helen Ethel Myers
President's Address—Puritanism in the 20th Century.....	Lucile Shenk
Vocal Solo	
a Would God I Were a Tender Apple Blossom.....	Hinkson
b My Mother Bids Me Bind my Hair.....	Haydn
	Rosa Zeigler
Reading—The First Thanksgiving.....	Bristow
	Mae Morrow

Pipe Organ Solo.....Minerva Raab, '22  
All the numbers were greeted with great applause, and anticipation ran high when the second part was produced:

#### PART II

"Three Episodes From the History of New England"	
Setting—A New England Church	
Scene I—The Accusation of Anne Hutchinson	
Scene II—The Trial of Anne Hutchinson	
Scene III—Witch Trial	
Cast	

Silence .....	Agnes Merchitis
Aid-on-High .....	Edna Baker
Rachael .....	Marie Steiss
Ruth .....	Eleanor Shaeffer
Hepsibah, the scold .....	Esther Brunner
Joshua, her husband .....	Ida Trout
Priscilla Alden .....	Mae Morrow
John Alden .....	Florence Witman

Anne Hutchinson.....	Cynthia Drummond
John Cotton .....	Rosa Zeigler
Mr. Shepherd .....	Dora Mae Buet
Mr. Leverit .....	Grace Boudier
Mr. Peters .....	Elizabeth Hopple
Mr. Eliot .....	Lucile Shenk
Mr. Buckle .....	Ellen Heuer
Timothy Brown .....	Edith Geyer
Much-mercy .....	Maudie Leech
Little Wit .....	Mae Snoop
Be Strong .....	Oiga Smith
Governor Wintthrop .....	Della Herr
Increase Matner .....	Mary Regan
Mr. Winsor .....	Sara Greiner
Indians—	

Tituba .....	Mabel Rice
Wapo .....	Maudie Kreider
Wagesi .....	Dorothy Mancha
Susanna Martin .....	Mary Rieser
Martina Williams .....	Anna Noll
Margaret Jones .....	Anna Noll
Mr. Dampford .....	Lena Weisman
Koger Williams .....	Lena Weisman
Guards—	

Safe Deliverance .....

Small-Hope Biggs .....

And, here was revealed the why and wherefore of the Puritan garb! The stern spirit of our forefathers and their beliefs were given in such a life-like manner so as to make the audience almost participate in the play. It was said that someone even shed a silent tear for the spirit of poor Anne Hutchinson.

After this there was a great exodus to the Alumni Gymnasium, where non-Clionians, Clionians and otherwise, were "recepted" and feasted 'til their eyes popped. A delightful little program was also rendered. Many results of the "mash-factory" were to be noticed. And well illustrated was "twas company" . . . when 'twas time to go.

Everyone pronounced the anniversary a great success, and the only general regret was that the 53rd anniversary wasn't the next day!

### CLIO ALUMNI PROGRAM

On November the seventeenth, just one week before the fifty-second anniversary, Clio featured a most unusual program, when Alumni Clionians presented a program in Engle Conservatory of Music. Mrs. B. F. Daugherty, of Lebanon, presided, while Mrs. Lilhan Kreider Shroyer acted as secretary. The program, of the very highest type, represented the talent of the Clio Alumni in Lebanon County and environs.

Mrs. Edith Gingrich Harnish opened the program with an organ number, after which Miss Helen Ethel Meyers ably discoursed on "Something Other Than Fiction." Mrs. Louise Oberdick Smith, of York, delighted Clio with a vocal solo well rendered; Miss Alma Light, of Annville, read effectively from Alice Crowell Hoffman's poems. By the way, Clio expects to have Mrs. Hoffman at Lebanon Valley College at some future time, when she will read her own poems. She is another of Clio's Alumni members. The applause which followed Mrs. Nettie Lockeman Kreider and Mrs. Louise Kreider Strickler after their rendition of the piano duet is proof enough of the merit of the number. Miss Miriam Cassel, who graduated with the class of '22, but who is teaching in the Palmyra High School, read a splendid essay, "Quittin' School." The grand finale of the program was the appearance of the incomparable alumni quartette—Mrs. Edith Frantz Mills, Mrs. Lucile Mills Gerberich, Mrs.



Edith Gingrich Harnish, and Mrs. Lillian Kreider Shroyer, who held the audience spell-bound.

Indeed, the influence of this Alumni program was easily felt in the program presented on November the twenty-fourth, when one of the most skillfully handled and most well rounded anniversary programs was produced. It is the fervent desire of Clio that the Alumni members will come back to her halls feeling the atmosphere of comradeship and realizing that Clonians continue to live up to the motto, "Virtute et Fide".

### SOCIAL BRIEFS

Miss Frances M. Durbin and Miss Margaret Walters, the latter a former student here, visited Miss Madie Shoop in Millersburg during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mr. G. P. Cooley, '24, was the week-end guest of Mr. Ralph Boyer, '23, at York.

Mrs. H. J. Baker, of Hazleton, entertained at her home on South Laurel street, in honor of her daughter, Ruth, and the Misses Dorothy Sholly and Katherine Hopple, on Friday, December the first.

Messrs. Heber R. Mutch, '23; Luther A. Weik, '25; J. Howard Burtner, '25; William F. and Richard C. Wenner were the guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. A. J. Wenner, of S. Washington street, Wilkes-Barre, for the Thanksgiving vacation. During their stay in Wilkes-Barre, they were entertained by Mrs. Wagner, widow of late Dr. Edward C. Wagner, and at Harvey's Lake by Mrs. M. A. King, widow of the late Hon. W. A. King, of Kingston.

Miss Mary E. Shettle, '21, of York, had as her guests for the Thanksgiving season, Misses Ida Trout, '24, and Lena Weisman, '24.

Miss Eleanor Shaeffer, '23, was the guest of Miss Esther Brunner, '23, at New Bloomfield, for the holidays.

Miss Helen Mealy, '24, was the Thanksgiving guest of Miss Hannah Fishburn, '24, at Ephrata.

### LEBANON VALLEY GIVES LEHIGH HARD BATTLE—HOLDS OPPONENT TO ONE TOUCHDOWN

On Saturday, November 18, Lebanon Valley staged a brilliant game with Lehigh University on their home field. Although Lebanon Valley was outweighed thirteen pounds per man, the game was a fight from start to finish. After a fierce resistance by the Blue and White defense, Lehigh succeeded in scoring a touchdown in the first half. In the second half, when the ball was in Lehigh's territory, and Lehigh kicked, the kick was blocked by one of our linemen, who had broken through. Lehigh was required to kick again, and a second time the kick by Cusick was blocked, and this time behind Lehigh's goal. Cusick recovered the second, but Lebanon Valley made their only score of 2 from the safety. After that neither side was able to score, and the game resulted in a final score of 6-2. A great fight was staged by the Blue and White gridmen, and only for a little misfortune the score might have been different, but we are proud of the score as it stands. Lehigh expected to crush the Lebanon Valley team without any trouble. They soon discovered that they were up against a fighting team, and Lehigh had a hard time to score one touchdown.

Lineup:

Lehigh  
L. E.....Walker  
L. T.....Carlisle

Lebanon Valley  
Danker  
Beck

L. G.....Miller  
C.....Stanier  
R. G.....Yeager  
R. T.....Cusick  
R. E.....Burke  
Q. B.....Henschen  
L. H.....Hess  
R. H.....Morgan  
F. B.....Brown

Wrenn  
Frock  
Lauster  
Burtner  
Clarkin  
Homan  
Krause  
Wueschinski  
Boehm

Lehigh ..... 0 6 0 0—6  
Lebanon Valley..... 0 0 0 2—2

Touchdown—Morgan; Safety—Cusick. Substitutions—Heilman for Danker, Danker for Beck, Lewin for Henschen, Harper for Hess, Read for Walker, McGouldrick for Carlisle, Smith for Brehm, Sanford for Burke, Beck for Wrenn, Alwinne for Cusick, Whistler for Heilman, Metoxin for Clarkin.

Referee—Price, Swarthmore.

Umpire—Sangree, Haverford.

Head Linesman—Shaw, Ohio Wesleyan.

Time of Quarters—15 minutes.

### LEBANON VALLEY LOSES TO GETTYSBURG

Lebanon Valley held the battlefield boys to three field goals and one touchdown in the battle that took place on Saturday, Nov. 25, at Gettysburg. During the first period the score was 0-0, but in the second period Bream, of Gettysburg, drop-kicked successfully from the 18-yd. line. The half ended with the score: Gettysburg, 3; Lebanon Valley, 0. Lebanon Valley came back in the second period with lots of fight. Unfortunately, Frock, our great defensive center, was knocked out of the game, and a little later Hennie Homan, star quarterback, was carried from the field. This greatly weakened our team. Gettysburg was able to score only one touchdown, but Bream had a dependable toe and succeeded in putting over two more drop-kicks. Lebanon Valley put up a brilliant fight, in spite of the loss of some of the regulars, but was unable to score. Line-up:

Gettysburg  
L. E.....Scagley  
L. T.....Yost  
L. G.....Derr  
C.....Gilhard  
R. G.....Briggs  
R. T.....Doran  
R. E.....Emanuel  
Q. B.....Stauffer  
L. H.....Bream  
R. H.....Mensch  
F. B.....Slaughter

Lebanon Valley  
Danker  
Whistler  
Lauster  
Frock  
Wrenn  
Burtner  
Clarkin  
Homan  
Krause  
Wueschinski  
Smith

Goals from field—Bream, 3. Touchdown—Emanuel. Officials—Saul, Palmer, Houck. Time of quarters—15, 12 min.

### REVIEW OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON AT LEBANON VALLEY

Contrary to the opinion of many people, Lebanon Valley came through her football season very successfully, and the men who represented L. V. are to be congratulated for having done the work which they did. Through their efforts Lebanon Valley has won a place of distinction among all the colleges of the east. Throughout the entire season, our fellows have put up a strong, consistent fight against every team which they met (whether large or small), and in every contest they were all there to win or die fighting. More than this, every man played like a gentleman, and all played together as a team and not as individuals. Each man deserves credit for what



he did for the team as a whole, but "Hennie" Homan, our aggressive quarterback, and "Jerry" Brock, our cool-headed center deserve special praise for their ability and service.

Several persons have questioned concerning Lehigh and Gettysburg. Our loss to these two schools can be accounted for thusly—the first due to poor sportsmanship on the part of the officials, and the latter due to the same on the part of the players of the opposing team and also due to breaks. We do not care to say more concerning this. We have given this only by way of explanation.

#### Summary of the Varsity Games

	L. V. C. Opp.	
Sept. 30—West Point Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.....	0	12
Oct. 7—Georgetown University at Washington, D. C. ....	6	19
Oct. 14—Penn State at State College.....	6	32
Oct. 21—St. Joseph's College at Annville	46	0
Oct. 28—Washington College at Hbg....	32	0
Nov. 4—Juniata at Lebanon.....	59	6
Nov. 11—Susquehanna Univ. at Lebanon	19	0
Nov. 18—Lehigh Univ. at Bethlehem.....	2	6
Nov. 25—Gettysburg Col. at Gettysburg	0	15

Total .....170 90

The Reserve team, although losing the majority of their games by low scores, have really had a successful season. Under the leadership of Capt. Keigel, the scrubs went splendidly, and outscored their opponents by 41 points. The scrubs had not won a game in the last two years, but this year they came thru in great style. Not only for their playing on the opponents' field do they deserve credit, but also for battling the varsity into shape for their weekly contests.

#### Summary of the Scrub Games

	L. V. C. Opp.	
Sept. 27—Lebanon High at Lebanon.....	0	14
Sept. 30—F. & M. Acad., at Lancaster	0	6
Oct. 14—Sunbury High at Annville.....	28	0
Oct. 21—Co. D of Lebanon at Annville....	40	0
Nov. 4—Stevens Trade School, at Lanc..	18	19
Nov. 11—Columbia American Legion at Columbia .....	13	19

Total ..... 99 58

Coach Wilder and his assistant, Coach Hollinger, deserve due credit for having placed the team in the condition they were in, and Capt. Beck and acting Capt. Lauster deserve much praise for the morale which they created among the fellows. Lebanon Valley can be proud to know that the team which represented her on the gridiron this year was the "scrappiest bunch in the east" and that with it all, her players were gentlemen and sports.

Smith and Renn will be lost to the team through graduation. Smith, who was captain last year, did splendid work in the backfield this year. "Birdie" Renn, our plucky guard, surely deserves praise for the game he played throughout the entire season. Though outweighed in nearly every contest, Birdie put up a fight that was admirable. He surely is worthy of much praise for his pep and his school spirit. Next year's team will miss him very much.

#### Outlook for 1923

Though Lebanon Valley seemed to have had a very heavy schedule this past season, she will have one that is equally as difficult next year. Due to the fact that most of the old team will be back next year, we feel fully confident that our fellows will not be afraid to do the manly things and meet big tasks with as much enthusi-

asm and determination to do their best as well as in the smaller ones.

The following schedule has been arranged.

Sept. 29—Penn State at Penn State.

Oct. 6—Georgetown at Washington.

Oct. 13—Open.

Oct. 20—F. & M. at Lancaster.

Oct. 27—West Point Military Academy at West Point.

Nov. 3—Open.

Nov. 10—Springfield at Springfield, Mass.

Nov. 17—Gettysburg at Hanover.

Nov. 24—Susquehanna at Selinsgrove.

Nov. 29—Washington at Chestertown.

The management was sorry to refuse offers to play Yale and Navy, but conditions did not warrant the acceptance of the same.

"Fat" Lauster, our husky guard, has been elected captain for 1923, and under his leadership we are assured of a most successful season.

#### BASKETBALL OUTLOOK FOR 1922-23

Lebanon Valley is fortunate in having practically the same team in basketball this year as last. Under the management of Richard Smith, the following schedule has been arranged:

Dec. 15—Gettysburg, away.

Dec. 16—Lafayette, away.

Jan. 6—Open.

Jan. 12—Seton Hall, away.

Jan. 13—Moravian, away.

Jan. 19—Moravian, home.

Jan. 20—Franklin & Marshall, away.

Jan. 24—Villanova, Hershey.

Jan. 26—Juniata, away.

Jan. 27—Penn State, away.

Feb. 1—Juniata, at home.

Feb. 2—Susquehanna, away.

Feb. 9—Georgetown, away.

Feb. 10—Gallaudet, away.

Feb. 17—Open.

Feb. 23—Delaware, away.

Feb. 24—Villanova, away.

Mar. 3—Gettysburg, Lebanon.

Mar. 10—Susquehanna, Hershey.

Under the leadership of Capt. Walter Wolfe, L. V. is looking forward to a successful season this year. Coach Hollinger is busy preparing and selecting those who will represent us this year in this sport.

#### Pennway Special

Prof. (in class)—Order, order.

La Point (just waking)—Three ham sandwiches, four orders of toast, two cups of cocoa and a glass of milk for a starter.

\* \* \*

#### Just Like Bill

Bill Wenner (at The Bon Ton)—I would like to try on that suit in the window.

Clerk—Would you mind using the dressing room instead, please.

\* \* \*

#### Not a Bit Ladylike

Mealy—The boys all fall for her. I wonder what kind of perfume she uses.

Seifried—Ether, I suppose.

\* \* \*

Kathryn—"I could lie in your arms forever."

Heber—"Lie on—lie on"

\* \* \*

Rachel Heindel—"My heart leaps up when I behold a bakery wagon in the street."



# Special Feature

MORITURI SALUTAMUS

What is all this we hear about an "aristocracy of brains"? We at L. V. C. try to be thoroughly democratic even in our brain equipment. And, too, we cannot understand the matter everywhere in newspapers, magazines, and even in our own midst, of the superiority of college students and the reorganization of the college system with higher schools of specialization and into Junior Colleges. It has even been declared that this reorganization must be effected within the next twenty years or our nation will be bankrupt. Just think how stupendous it is, that the three hundred and fifty L. V. C. students are helping to drive our country to ruin! It is unthinkable. But pray, give us leave to breathe one last regret ere these things shall pass away.

I fear they misjudge us, somewhat at least. I really believe that the college presidents who wish to revolutionize our college work believe that going to college is merely a fad, and that in the going we are but following the herd. They do not, I believe, credit young America for having an honest and sincere desire for an education. How utterly ridiculous!

They say, then, that our beloved colleges must forthwith become either Junior colleges or some higher institutions of specialization. A Junior college indeed—and what then, we demand, will become of our ne plus ultra faculty? These men who are accustomed to have sitting at their feet those who are seeking out and trusting open those massive, closed doors in the temple of learning—these men, I ask, must they cease their mighty work in order to instill into the craniums of post High School students some futile drops of knowledge? No, we protest, strenuously.

Then the other alternative—a higher school of specialization. But in what shall we specialize? There is Science, to be sure, but there are also Music, and History, and Latin, and English, and all the rest—and what is to become of them? Here again we raise our voices in loud acclaim. We would remain L. V. C. not only for twenty years—but forever.

Now do not think us unpatriotic, I beg, for they say that financial ruin stares us in the face if the colleges are allowed to maintain this break-neck speed of increase in attendance. It is only that we sigh for the plans that we have made for our part in the triumphal march of progress. And to think, these must now be dashed upon a stone, and L. V. C.—our Alma Mater—must become a Junior College, a prep school, or else her students will be compelled to spend eight hours every day for four years learning why some bugs have only four legs whereas they formerly had six.

Neither would we presume to set up our opinions against those of College presidents all over our country. We realize, indeed, that they are the only competent judges. No, but let me say again, we would raise our voices in a last cry of despair at the thought of losing forever our personality as L. V. C. and to give to you a student body thoughts of what the loss of their Alma Mater, as such, might really mean.

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## Practice Makes Perfection

Frosh—Do you think exams are any good, professor?

Prof. Derickson—Yes, they are excellent training.

Frosh—Well, I guess so. I practiced two weeks before the final examination in high school last year, learning how to turn the pages of a book with my toes.

\* \* \*

## Hands Like Feet

Stein—Say, Chief, I was at a peculiar poker party last night. There was a cowboy, a doctor, a Chinaman and myself there.

Chief—That was a peculiar combination.

Stein—And you should have seen the hands in that game. I held four queens, the cowboy held four kings and the Chinaman held five aces.

Chief—Well, what did the doctor hold?

Stein—An inquest over the dead Chinaman.

\* \* \*

## They No Spikka Da English

Troutman (in Greek 16)—Professor, what language do the Greeks speak?

Dr. Spangler—I'm not certain, but I think it was Greek.

\* \* \*

## Love Is Blind

Nigrelli—My dear, I love you and must marry you.

She—Have you seen my father yet?

Nigrelli—Yes, but I love you just as much.

\* \* \*

## Sock 'Em an' Rock 'Em

Nevling—Don't get gay wid me Bob, I'm so hard I scratches the bath tub.

Reigle—That's nuthin', I'm so tough I shaves wid a blow torch.

\* \* \*

## Shock—Sock

Dusty—I'm an electrician. Last night at Alma's house the fuse blew out and I fixed it. Some class to your room-mate, eh what?

Lichty—You're no electrician, you're an idiot.

\* \* \*

## Ambition

Professor—Young man, what do you expect to be when you get out of college?

Sam Earley—An old man.

\* \* \*

During the chemistry movies the lights went out, and immediately Elsie Clark was heard to exclaim, "Oh, my dear!"

\* \* \*

Quaid (reading leisurely from a book)—"A wife is not just a person to cook dinners and mend socks but—"

Rhoad—"What was that you were reading?"

Quaid (looking up)—"I said a woman was intended to cook the socks and darn the dinner."

\* \* \*

After an explanation of the air pump in Physics:

Miss Heindel—"Prof, how can one tell when one has a vacuum?"

Prof. Grimm—"It is hard to tell. Some people have one and never know it."

## Two Ways of Seeing a Thing

Bill Rhoad—"If you would start to class when I do, you would not need to run so."

Gruver—"Yes, and if you would run like I do, you would not need to start so early."

\* \* \*

Scrub Prof.—Can any of you people suggest a method by which I may improve my lectures?

Voice from last row—Yes, have you ever tried to sell them as blank verse.

\* \* \*

Professor—I wonder why foot ball men always get such low marks.

Coach—That's because I coach them to hit low all the time.

\* \* \*

Reidle, at drug store—Mr. Seabold, can you recommend anything to keep my hair in.

Mr. Seabold—Any old tobacco or candy box will do.

\* \* \*

Barber—You are a stranger here, are you not? I don't recognize your face.

Weiser—Oh, it has healed up since I was here last.

\* \* \*

"My Time Has Come!" said Harrah, as he opened a package in the post office and pulled out his Ingersol nine day alarm.

\* \* \*

Esther—Waitress, there is a potato bug in my soup.

Eleanor—What do you expect for \$200.00 a year—gold bugs?

\* \* \*

Dusty has increased his so-called "Harem" by three-fold since school opened this year. In our estimation he soon will have to "Scarem" or he'll be swamped.

\* \* \*

Adams—May I kiss you good night?

Pearl—No, Ed, it is my principle never to kiss anyone good night.

Adams—Well, let's drop the principle and show some interest.

\* \* \*

Alumnus—Good morning, Professor. Don't you remember me? You sent me to the library for a book five years ago.

Prof. Grimm—Oh, yes; do you have the book?

\* \* \*

Felix Kreider says—When I'm in the parlor with a girl, and the lights go out, I'm always embarrassed; not that I feel so much for myself, but I always feel for the girl.

"A little loving now and then is relish'd by the best of men."

When girls quit powdering their noses,

And fellows get a new line;

When Skipper stops sending out bills,

And students get to chapel on time—

Oh, that will be glory!

Everybody expects to become an angel, but I'm afraid some will have to be dehorned.



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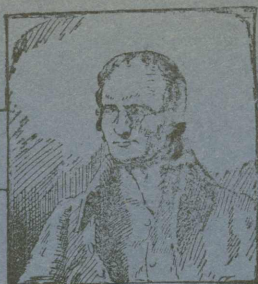
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## The Quaker who made Chemistry a Science

**G**AVERDISH had shown that two volumes of hydrogen and one of oxygen always combine completely to form water and nothing else. Proust, a Frenchman, had proved that natural and artificial carbonates of copper are always constant in composition.

"There must be some law in this," reasoned Dalton (1766-1844), the Quaker mathematician and school teacher. That law he proceeded to discover by weighing and measuring. He found that each element has a combining weight of its own. To explain this, he evolved his atomic theory—the atoms of each element are all alike in size and weight; hence a combination can occur only in definite proportions.

Dalton's theory was published in 1808. In that same year, Na-

poleon made his brother, Joseph, king of Spain. This was considered a political event of tremendous importance. But Joseph left no lasting impression, while Dalton, by his discovery, elevated chemistry from a mass of unclassified observations and recipes into a science.

Modern scientists have gone beyond Dalton. They have found the atom to be composed of electrons, minute electrical particles. In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company much has been done to make this theory practically applicable so that chemists can actually predict the physical, chemical and electrical properties of compounds yet undiscovered.

In a world of fleeting events the spirit of science and research endures.

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# THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE  
ANNVILLE, PA.

---

VOL. III No. 5

DECEMBER 27, 1922

---

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worlds slumber and wake---Time's ceaseless march  
proceeds."

—H. Ware.

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We hear much today about discussions and quarrels upon the subject of higher education. In educational councils, in college faculties, in groups of college presidents, the question "Are there too many students in our colleges" is brought up for discussion.

Before the World War, the number of students in colleges pursuing cultural courses was low compared to the average number today. When the war came upon the United States, the demand for men trained technically was great, and the colleges and universities opened their doors and enlarged their technical courses to fulfil the demand. In consequence, men and women entered colleges not for the same purpose as before but for the purpose of obtaining a practical education to fit them for those positions in life which must be filled efficiently.

Moreover, during the war many people made more money than ever before, and in order to fill the social position in life made necessary because of their money, they rushed their sons and daughters into colleges. We have many of them in our colleges today, and although it may be a hard question for many of us to solve, the solution is up to us. "But," you ask, "what are the objections to having these students in our colleges?" The answer is simple. In America today we have a great line of division rising between the so-called cultured people and those of the laboring class. This line of division is

causing much trouble in our nation today. The laboring groups feel that college people are condescending and unable to associate with common clay. And there must be some foundation for such a feeling. This foundation we find in the general antipathy toward labor among college students in our institutions today. This attitude is without doubt a result of the sudden rush into college of many people particularly of the "get-rich-quick" group. To these people, more than to any others, we are indebted for the general opinion that there are too many people in college.

What do we have to do in this situation? It is up to us as college people to prove to the world that we are of college calibre, that college life and atmosphere does not weaken, but strengthens our love of association with our fellowmen, and makes us better able to cope with questions of world importance and to solve problems for others with lasting solutions. Moreover, we must remember that an individual who manipulates a loom in a cotton mill is just as important to the work of the world as is he who expounds doctrines of philosophy in the class room.

So, in order to fulfil our several missions in this world we might well make the Scriptural command our most important resolution for 1923 and all the years thereafter:

"Love thy neighbor as thyself."



# Mirror

## WE RESOLVE

We resolve to keep our New Year resolutions.

We resolve to go to the Chemistry lab on time.

We resolve to quit smoking.

We resolve to go to church.

We resolve to study.

We resolve to clean our rooms every Saturday.

We resolve to read the assignments in English.

We resolve to like Psychology.

We resolve to write home every week.

We resolve to get up for breakfast.

We resolve to never miss chapel.

We resolve to let the other fellow get the first glass of milk.

We resolve to love our enemies.

We resolve to eat only at meals.

We resolve to be patient and forgiving.

We resolve to pay our bills promptly.

We resolve to get to meetings on time.

We resolve to let the other fellow worry over our love affairs.

We resolve to do our Math problems.

We resolve to go to bed early.

We resolve to quit looking for Spark Plug.

We resolve to read at least three-fourths of an editorial while at school.

We resolve to begin marriage right.

We resolve to never quarrel with her.

We resolve to fill a vacuum.

We resolve to use system.

We resolve to concentrate.

We resolve to pay attention to the Profs.

We resolve to walk on the paths.

We resolve not to get disgusted at the empty box.

We resolve to read a verse of the Book every night.

We resolve to let others think what they will.

We resolve to quit cussing.

We resolve to think.

We resolve not to disagree.

We resolve not to agree.

We resolve to love.

We resolve to quit kidding the other fellow.

We resolve to become acquainted with our books.

We resolve to quit socializing.

We resolve not to criticize.

We resolve to become saints.

We resolve that we haven't been.

We resolve to quit resolving.

## LA PHILOSOPHIE

To love God is to have good health, good looks, good sense, experience, a kindly nature and a fair balance of cash in hand. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." To be loved by God is the same as to love Him. We love Him because He first loved us.—Samuel Butler.

\* \* \*

It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for the one is belief, the other is contumely (and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity). And as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards

men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation—all of which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men.—The master of superstition is the people; and in all superstition wise men follow fools; and arguments are fitted to practice in a reversed order.—Francis Bacon.

\* \* \*

You cannot lead your children faithfully to those narrow, axe-hewn church altars of yours, while the dark azure altars in heaven, the mountains that sustain your island throne, mountains on which a Pagan world would have seen the powers of heaven rest in every wreathed cloud—remain for you without inscription; altars built, not to, but by, an Unknown God.—John Ruskin.

\* \* \*

Say what you will, there is the man who gives his time, his strength, his life, if need be, for something not himself,—whether he call it his queen, his country, his colors, or his fellow-man,—something more truly Christian than in all the ascetic fasts, humiliations and confessions that have ever been made.—O. S. Marden.

\* \* \*

Say: O, ye Unbelievers!

I worship not that which ye worship.

And ye worship not that which I worship;

I shall never worship that which ye worship,

Neither will ye worship that which I worship;

To you be your religion; to me my religion.

—The Koran, Sura CIX.

\* \* \*

And, finally, if you have a gloomy religion, get rid of it. There are plenty of cheerful religions to be had. Hear Robert Louis Stevenson: "Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before morality; they are the perfect virtues." And again he says: "If your morals are dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say, 'Give them up', for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people."—Dr. Frank Crane.

\* \* \*

Is there any religion whose followers can be pointed to as distinctly more amiable and trustworthy than those of any other. If so, this should be enough. I find the nicest and best people generally profess no religion at all, but are ready to like the best men of all religions.—Samuel Butler.

\* \* \*

Religion is not a strange or added thing, but the inspiration of the secular life, the breathing of an eternal spirit through this temporal world. The supreme thing, in short, is not a thing at all, but the giving of a further finish to the multitudinous words and acts which make up the sum of every common day.—Henry Drummond.

\* \* \*

Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view.—Emerson.



# Literary

## A TALE

On the sunny morning of a beautiful fall day, in the year of 1858, Ellen Kane, a pretty, sandy-haired, dancing eyed young girl, left her home in the valley which takes its name from the lordly inhabitant of the overlooking mountain—the Bald Eagle—and started on a journey to that then far Western State of Illinois.

She traveled the length of this fertile valley until she came to the little hamlet of Irish settlers, Tyrone; from here she expected to take the famous "Overland Express" west. But by some trick of fate, her brother-in-law, Jacob Ginter, happened to be in the village and insisted that Ellen return with him to his home in the little settlement, which had been named for his father, in the county of Clearfield, directly northwest of Tyrone, and which section of the country was noted for its beauty—indeed, it was and is one of the most beautiful spots on the slopes of the Alleghenies. Ellen was easily persuaded and on the morning of the fourth day of her departure from her Bald Eagle home, she started on her fateful journey to Ginter over the rude frontier road which leads up—from the little Irish hamlet.

There were no settlements between Tyrone and Ginter, but there was a farm house at the very top of the mountain, which was the home of Noel Dunlap, one of Clearfield's brave pioneers. Jacob wished to reach this hospitable home before dusk, and with the long mountain ascent, knew that Ellen would be too tired to go any farther. The first part of the ride was uneventful. Ellen enjoyed the mountain scenery, and wondered at the difference in the trees, flowers, and birds from those in her valley home. They ate lunch beside a mountain spring, the surrounding beauty of which, with its glorious daubs of purple, gold and crimson, no artist could ever paint. The afternoon wore slowly away; they saw no human being, but many wild things looked out from the deep forest, and once a startled doe leaped across the road in front of their "Caravan". Lulled by the stillness of the atmosphere and the rocking of the wagon, Ellen fell to dreaming of her Bald Eagle home—of the shadows on the Juniata, —and of the fright caused by the midnight shriek of the king of birds as he swooped low after his prey.

It was now quite dark, and in a quarter of an hour, Ellen was eating a good warm supper. The journey was easily finished the next day, and Ellen was doubly repaid for any hardships she had endured, by the gladness and surprise of her sister, Agnes, whom she had not seen for two years.

The days were uneventful but pleasant. Ellen spent most of her time amusing Baby John and helping Agnes to prepare for the long hard winter that was sure to come after November the fifteenth. As October was drawing to a close, she decided that she would start to Illinois the first week of November. Agnes was sorry to hear this, and coaxed her to spend the winter with them, but to no avail. As a farewell party, Agnes invited the young people of the little settlement and the surrounding farms to her home on Hallowe'en night. About half-past ten, when all the young people had gone, but Ellen's two best friends, they decided to try the old Hallow-

e'en custom of sitting in a dark room in absolute silence, from eleven to twelve, after which anyone who wished to find out what the future held in store, merely had to look into a churn in adjoining room.

The girls were absolutely silent from eleven to twelve, and there was no light in the room except the weird light cast by the dying embers of the fire. At the stroke of twelve, Mary quietly arose, went out to the dark kitchen and in a few minutes was back, shaking with suppressed laughter—but she did not dare to break the spell. Then Wenonah slipped quietly out, but it seemed as if she stayed hours, and when she returned, it was with slow steps and in an unusually bright flicker of the fire they could see that tears were streaming down her face. Ellen hesitated. Would she come back like Mary or like Wenonah? Then summoning courage she ran out to the dark kitchen, to return in a few minutes. She lit the candles, turned towards Mary and asked her what she had seen. Mary said: "I saw a tall, dark, good looking man and in his right hand he carried a large brass key." (Within a year, Mary married a merchant from Tyrone.) Wenonah had stopped crying, but with tears in her voice, she told of her vision, "I saw a coffin, a white coffin, and bending over it was my sweetheart." (Wenonah died from heart trouble before the break of the new year.) Ellen couldn't even stop to sympathize, she was so anxious to tell her fate. She cried: "Oh girls, I saw; yes, I did. I saw—the devil!" Upon further questioning the girls obtained a more detailed description which disclosed Ellen's man of the churn to be "a tall, young man with black hair—hair as thick as a shepherd dog's. He had his sleeves rolled up—and his arms had the largest muscles you ever saw—and his opened shirt collar showed that his breast was powerful and hairy—and he was poking a fire." Never suspecting any truth in the fates disclosed by the churn "Fortune Teller", with their spirits only slightly dampened by Wenonah's woeful vision, they went to bed pleased with their experiment.

The next morning Jake had to make a trip to the big mill at Spruce Flats, which was about three miles from Ginter, to obtain some material which he had taken to the mill to be finished, from which he was going to make Agnes a cedar chest for Christmas. As Ellen had never seen a mill of just this type, the girls coaxed to go along, and Jake was very glad for their company. Trying to satisfy her curiosity, and there were so many things that she had never seen before—Ellen became separated from the girls, and all at once found herself in a large room in which there was a large Franklin furnace, the fire in which a young man was very energetically poking. Calling for the girls, she ran out of the room and met them just outside the door. She cried, "Oh girls, I've seen him." "Whom?" "The devil; you know, the one I saw last night in the churn." Noticing that Mary's gaze was directed over her head, she turned quickly around and saw immediately back of her the young man whom she had so vividly and concretely described. Mary laughingly introduced this "devil," as "John Miller, the mill's engineer, who has been away for some time, which accounts for your not meeting him before." Ellen very demurely acknowledged the introduction, and



tend her party the previous night, but he had John expressed his sorrow for his inability to at-just returned from Deaford county the same day and needed rest for his days work, but Silly asked permission to call the next day (Sunday) which Ellen granted, adding: "Agnes is having a roast duck, so you might as well come for dinner."

Ellen was very dreamy on the way home, and much to Agnes' delight before going to bed announced her intention of staying in Ginter until spring, giving as her reasons, "I know that you will be so lonesome without me, and baby John is such a dear."

John Miller came the next day in time for dinner. Ellen had dressed in her best attire—a deep warm blue which made her look like a fall gignian, and John proceeded to fall deeply in love with her. After dinner, as custom demanded, John went over the little farm with Jake, and as Jake did not yet know of Ellen's changed plans, he made some remark about Ellen's departure, which so frightened John that he was unable to think coherently, and the remainder of his visit was miserable for both of them. When he had gone, Ellen went to bed, cried, decided to go to Illinois, and finally went to sleep planning to find out at least what had changed John so before she left. Ellen had fallen in love with John just as quickly and as deeply as he had fallen in love with her.

But—John came on Monday night. He talked a little. Ellen brightened just a wee bit. John came on Tuesday night. He talked a little more. Ellen even laughed discreetly. John didn't come Wednesday night; he had to stay in camp to sole his shoes. He made all sorts of plans. Ellen wept and started to pack. John came on Thursday night, talked a lot, and did some explaining. Ellen sighed, then smiled and at last laughed. John came on Friday night, "popped the question." Ellen said "Yes," then smiled, laughed, and became hysterical.

When Sunday came, they had become sensible enough to plan for the wedding. John wanted to be married the next Sunday. Ellen not until after New Year; finally they compromised and decided upon Sunday, December the twenty-sixth.

And so it came about that Ellen Kane and John Miller were married in Ginter settlement, on the "second Christmas", 1858, and I, one of their fifty grandchildren, can say truthfully that they lived together "happily even afterwards" for fifty-five years.

—F. M. D., '23.

#### OUR BASKETBALL TEAM

Somehow or other there was an awful hullabuloo raised because our Varsity lost their first two basketball games. But those who raised the howl simply didn't understand. Certainly we lost, we don't deny that, but what we dislike terribly is the fact that support of any team must depend upon the success of the first and second games. Don't you realize, friend, that, after all, the force which makes any team worth while does not lie within the team itself but in those whom the team represents. It is up to those who are represented to place a morale in a team which will force them thru every difficulty and bring them thru successful in every event. Every one of us lost as much as did the members of the team which represented us. We're sorry, but what has that got to do with the winning of the remainder of our games? It's up to us to be with the boys and show them that we are

with them, and then and then only can we expect the fellows to represent us as we really wish them to represent us. It's up to the student and the moral support that you give the team rather than the team itself. At least you have no kick coming until you have done your best for the welfare of the team. Well, get busy and do your darndest and the team will come across with admirable results.

#### YOUR NEEDS—YOUR DESIRES

In one of the rooms of the Boys' Dorm there can be found this statement, "Make your needs your desires". It is not set in the midst of beautiful decorations; it is not even on paper. It is penciled in a gauche hand on the rough wall just in front of the student as he sits at his table.

Ask him what it means and he will tell you. He does not remember whether he saw it while reading some author or whether it is a concentration of his of some article that he had read. He only knows that he did put it there some months ago and that it expresses his philosophy.

All have needs—all have desires. The two are not the same. There are some needs that are not desires. A man may need physical exercise but doesn't desire it. It would be the best thing possible for him to spend an hour or two digging a ditch, but just as surely he has no desire to do so. A boor may need education and culture; does he desire it? Furthermore, there are many desires that are not needs. A man desires to drink liquor; surely the desire does not constitute a need. A man, having eaten a full meal, desires to continue the feasting; his need tells him to cease.

Now, having both needs and desires, which is a man most likely to satisfy? He needs physical exertion; he desires to be free from muscular effort. He needs bread and milk; he desires complex dishes of French labling. He needs pure air; he desires a smoke. He needs sleep; he desires a "good time" at the dance. Unless he is wise his desires are too often gratified at the expense of his needs.

Happy is he whose desires coincide with his needs. For, desiring a thing, he usually gets it. And what can be better than one's needs be fulfilled?

Is it not a sound philosophy to "Make your needs your desires"?

#### THE PASSING YEARS

Do you mark the passing years

With Joy or Sorrow?

Do you mourn the past with bitter tears,  
Nor hope for the tomorrow?

Does every day present to you a deep regret  
That yesterday has gone,—

Or with hope and joy and without a fret  
Do you labor while time speeds on?

Can you not find in each passing day and year,  
A recompense for every cost,—

And, weighing every joy, hope, care and fear,—  
Find something gained, not lost.

Each day marks the death of an Old Year and the birth of a New Year. How much better it would be to make resolutions daily and develop from these principles than to make principles on the eve or dawn of one day and then break them every other day in the year.



# Activities

## STAR COURSE

On Wednesday, December the thirteenth, the second Star Course number, William Sterling Battis, interpreter and authority on Dickens, was presented to a large and appreciative audience. Bill Sykes, the Old Grandfather; Uriah Heaps, characters from "David Copperfield" and "The Tale of Two Cities," even Charles Dickens himself, came before the vision of the onlookers with more vividness than ever before, and were made to live through the efforts of the interpreter. Mr. Battis, the foremost authority upon Charles Dickens and his works, has been pursuing this work for many years, and has spent much time securing costumes suitable and appropriate in making his portrayals true to life.

The next Star Course number to be presented in the early art of January, will be the "Parker-ennelly Duo," from the Power School of Expression, Boston.

## THE CHRISTMAS BANQUET

Several hundred boarding students and members of the faculty and their wives were guests of the college at the Christmas banquet held in North Hall on Thursday, December the fourteenth. Dr. I. E. Runk and Pres. G. D. Gossard acted as toastmasters. Messrs. Roland Renn and Ralph Boyer, of the Senior Class, responded to toasts; Miss Edna Baker and Mr. C. C. Smith, of the Junior Class, responded, as did Misses Kathryn Nissly and Helen Hostetter, of the Sophomore Class, and Miss Ruth Rockefeller and Mr. Mervin Welty, of the Freshman Class. Prof. C. R. Gingrich, Prof. J. E. Lehman, Prof. R. R. Butterwick and Prof. T. B. Beatty were the faculty members who responded to toasts. After the dinner a party was held in the Alumni Gymnasium, which added much to make this Christmas banquet one of the best in L. V.'s history.

The mistletoe and holly contributed by Mr. Carl Hiser, '22, of Stillwater, Okla., arrived too late to be used in the decoration, but the "L. V. C. Family" appreciate Mr. Hiser's kind remembrance, and wish him a "Happy New Year".

## CLIO OFFICERS

The election of officers for the winter term of the Clionian Literary Society are as follows:

President, Agnes Merchitis; vice president, Mae Morrow; critic, Della Herr; recording secretary, Lena Weisman; corresponding secretary, Edith Geyer; chaplain, Esther Roudenbush; pianist, Margaret Rhodes; editor, Sara Wieder.

The Clio Christmas program was held December the fifteenth, at which time the new officers presided. Miss Ida Trout read an essay, "The Spirit of Christmas," and Miss Blanche Lingle told of the origin of the Christmas tree. Miss Dorothy Mancha and Miss Betty Leachey provided the musical numbers of the program, a piano and vocal solo respectively. Miss Lucile Shenk presented several Christmas poems, and Miss Mildred Leech read a Russian Christmas story. Miss Josephine Matolitis produced the New Year Resolutions of the Freshmen, and Miss Sara Dearwechter told interestingly of the important current events. Clio adjourned to meet in 1923.

## CLIO-PHILO JOINT SESSION

Probably one of the most unusual and most talked of joint session programs held here for some time was the joint session program between Clio and Philo, presented directly after the Thanksgiving holidays. With interest in the national question of the Ku Klux Klan running high, it was psychological that the question, "Resolved, That the Ku Klux Klan is an Asset to the United States," be debated here. Mr. Ralph Boyer and Miss Rosa Zeigler ably defended the cause of the Klan, while Miss Mabel Silver and Mr. Gladstone Cooley tore it to tatters, winning the decision of the judges—President Gossard, Mrs. Greene and Mr. Earnest Williams. The playlet portraying the work of the Klan was the center of much interest and questioning among townspeople as well as members of the student body. With rumors of the organization of Klans in nearby towns, the appearance of a group of hooded individuals, surrounding a fiery cross on the campus, was the cause of much discussion and debate.

Mr. Paul Gruver extemporaneously gave a splendid resume of the current events of the week, and Miss Mae Morrow read a clever Japanese monologue. The Philo Orchestra of a goodly number of pieces furnished the music for the evening, and a sextette of Clionians and Philokosmians sang for a delighted audience. Dainty refreshments were served by the ladies to the strains of music from Philo's orchestra, after which members of both societies adjourned to pleasant dreams.

## AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR RESTORATION OF LOUVAIN UNIVERSITY

New York City, Dec. 18.—Hunter College, with a pledge of \$2,500, is the first institution of higher education in the United States to announce a contribution to the campaign for completion of the \$1,000,000 fund for restoration of Louvain Library.

New York State College, Albany, also has made a pledge to the fund: \$1,000 for one of the fifty bells which will form the carillon in the tower of the restored library.

Renewal of the campaign for America's war memorial in Belgium was begun in New York State December 3. Since that date, both the College of the City of New York and New York University have been making canvasses for the fund which have not yet been completed.

The campaign in New York extends not only into the universities and colleges, but into all the public schools of the State. An estimate made from reports already received indicates the public schools of New York City alone will contribute \$25,000 toward restoring the famous library.

Universities and colleges in other states will participate in the campaign during the early months of 1923.

The national committee is headed by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, and has as members many of the best known educators of the United States.



## PHILO

On Friday, Dec. 15, 1922, Philo rendered a very enjoyable program. Mr. Donald Fields gave a short lecture upon the system of the ancient courts of Athens, and gave a detailed account of how cases were tried by jury in those days. Mr. Charles Leber marshaled before our minds the prospects of the game of basketball at L. V. C. for this season. The debate of the evening was on the question: "Resolved, That L. V. C. Should be Located at Harrisburg Rather Than at Annville." The debaters were all Freshmen: Messrs. Frock and Roper on the affirmative, and Messrs. Beard and Wilt on the negative. The decision of the judges was in favor of the negative. An interesting talk upon the Fascisti and their leader was given by Mr. Elmer Andrews. Mr. Ray Troutman outlined for us the purposes and aims of the great Frenchman who is now in America, M. Clemenceau. The last number on the program, The Question Box, by the Editor, was dispensed with, due to the lateness of the hour.

## KALO HOLDS INITIATION AND ELECTION OF OFFICERS

On Tuesday evening, December 12, the solemn high ritual of the final degrees of the Kalozetean Literary Society were administered to the greater portion of the new members.

Those received into the good fellowship of the Society were:

Alfred Achenbach, Leroy Dowhower, Franklin Kiehner, Warren Kreider, Herman Light, John Lukens, Edwin Sheffy, Henry Schell, David Shroyer, Parke Uhlrich, Richard Wenner, Henry Williard.

The results of the election held Thursday, December 14, were as follows:

President .....	Lloyd Miller
Vice-President .....	Ira Ruth
Recording Secretary .....	Luther Weik
Corresponding Secretary .....	Wilfred Perry
Critic .....	W. F. Wenner
Chaplain .....	J. Howard Burtner
Sergeant-at-Arms .....	Richard Wenner

## KALO-DELPHIAN JOINT SESSION

The Kalozetean and Delphian Literary Societies met in joint session in Kalo Hall on Friday evening, December the fifteenth, when a splendid program was rendered. Miss Frances Durbin presented very cleverly a sketch on the subject, "My First Christmas," in essay form. Miss Rachael Heindel read an appropriate Christmas selection, and a chorus of mixed voices supplied the musical end of the program. A sketch under the supervision of Miss Mae Reeves brought the atmosphere of Christmas to every individual present. Miss Ruth Over and Mr. John Rhoads deserve especial mention because of the clever portrayal of their characters—Miss Over as the sleepy little girl and Mr. Rhoads as the tin soldier. Delphian will go into session with Clio shortly after the holidays and another of these cleverly planned programs is anticipated.

Realizing that the greatest concern of woman is to obtain an appropriate husband, we marvel that 50 per cent of the girls are breathless with fear, while the other 50 per cent are breathless with anxiety when the word fire-escape is mentioned.

## THE INTER-CLASS LEAGUES

Under the direction of our Physical Director, Mr. Hollinger, a series of inter-class games will be played in basketball and volley ball. The inter-class Leagues in basketball have been a prominent thing in the past few years, and we are sure that this year they will be equally, if not more popular than during any of the preceding years. Beside the League in basketball there will be a league in volley ball. Last year Coach Hollinger introduced this sport to Lebanon Valley, and we have been very much delighted to have met it. The League games were especially interesting last year and all who played last year will wish to play this year. There is a greater number of persons who will be interested in participating in these leagues this year, and it is the desire of the Coach to run an extra series of games between Leagues that will be arranged according to the alphabet. This will prove to be very interesting, as these leagues will not be confined to members of any particular class, but will allow anyone to play. Details of the alphabetical leagues will be announced later.

The following schedule for the boys' inter-class leagues has been arranged:

Basketball	Volleyball
Jan. 8—Seniors vs. Juniors	Fresh vs. Soph
Jan. 11—Fresh vs. Soph	Seniors vs. Juniors
Jan. 15—Juniors vs. Fresh	Seniors vs. Soph
Jan. 18—Seniors vs. Soph	Juniors vs. Fresh
Jan. 22—Seniors vs. Fresh	Soph vs. Juniors
Jan. 25—Soph vs. Juniors	Seniors vs. Fresh

You will note that there will be but two games each day scheduled. The basketball game will be called at 4 o'clock, the volleyball game will be played between halves. Due to the fact that the evening meal has been scheduled for 5.30, we will have quite enough time for some real games in both sports. No person wants to miss any of these games, and you will be pleased far more if you can be able to get on either of the class teams. Forget your studies for one hour and enjoy "the best games of the season."

You doubtless remember the wonderful games of indoor baseball that we enjoyed playing out of doors last spring. Our gym is partially small but all the same there will be a league formed in this sport also. Details of this will be announced later. The various classes will have a chance to be represented in a handball league, the details of which will also be announced.

## LAFAYETTE WINS FROM L. V. C.

The second basketball game of the season was played at Easton on Lafayette's home floor. Lebanon Valley succeeded in scoring 17 points to Lafayette's 36, a much better showing than we made against Gettysburg. We are expecting a few victories to come our way in the next games played. Our basketball players are under a great handicap in not having the advantage of a good gymnasium to practice in. But in spite of that the fellows are going to bring home the bacon.

Forward .....	Lebanon Valley	Lafayette
Forward .....	Walter Wolfe	Ripa
Forward .....	Wm. Wolfe	J. Crate
Center .....	Krause	D. Crate
Guard .....	Clarkin	Brennan
Guard .....	Homan	Wiest

Substitutions: Lebanon Valley—Smith for Wm. Wolfe; Metoxin for Krause.

Score—Lebanon Valley, 17; Lafayette, 36  
Referee—Brody. Timekeepers—Grimm, Hollinger.



## "JARGE"

"Mistuh George Washington Thomas Jefferson Daniel Webster Tycoon," mostly addressed as "Jarge", was not only a duplicate of his father, but was an exact carbon copy of that venerable and pompous gentleman of the Ethiopian race.

"Jarge" followed his pater's footsteps in many ways, especially in his boyhood, when he wore his father's worn-out shoes and cast-off wearing apparel. "Jarge" was a shark at four things: firstly, shooting pool at Rastus Snobin's Billiard Emporium; secondly, playing poker in the back room of Enoch Pinkemly's Hot Dog Shop; thirdly, rolling the "bones" anywhere, any time against any one; and lastly, he excelled any one in being able to dodge honest manual labor ALL the time.

That boy has three things about his character that will some day catch for him a million greenbacks or a term in a penitentiary, most certainly and indisputably the latter, say I. Well, roughly speaking, those characteristics are as follows: Item One—Nerve. He has nerve enough to try to sell a safety razor to a licensed barber. Item Two—Luck. He could beat any fellow in a crap game even if his opponent did use loaded bones; no wonder—he carries a rabbit's foot and a horse shoe in his hip pocket all the time. Item Three—his ability as a public speaker is the most remarkable of them all. He can stand at a street corner and convince a crowd that the U. S. A. should join the League of Nations and then turn around and convince them the other way, within five minutes.

Well, so much for the personality of "Mistuh Tycoon."

"Jarge" heard about the brokerage business and the little or no work necessary to bring big returns, so he immediately decided that that was his calling. He thrived in his new found field of work with incredible celerity, and inside of three weeks, his office door bore the sign:

### TYCOON & COMPANY

Stocks and Bonds  
Geo. Tycoon Mgr.

From the moment the above mentioned shingle appeared above the door step, the business of Tycoon & Company grew by leaps and bounds.

When stocks dropped you should have heard "Jarge" use the French language, which he learned from the cook at Enoch Pinkemly's restaurant, who was in France during the war. "Jarge" sure does shake a wicked tongue when he says, "Mon Dieu, Sapriste, Bonevare, Mazette." The neighbors always know when "Jarge's" stocks drop a point or two.

One day a splashy salesman entered "Jarge's" office and after an hour's confidentially speaking to "Jarge", left Tycoon & Company sole distributors of 10,000 shares of the Aligazam Mining Company and of twice as many in the New Boston Oil Company.

An hour later, Enoch Pinkemly called for information about the market. Enoch was one of the many lucky speculating citizens of darktown, and now, keeping the restaurant going was a mat-term of form only. Enoch was known all over as being a lucky gambler, and if he bought a hundred shares of any concern, the office of Tycoon & Company was swamped with orders for shares in the same company.

"Ah say, Jarge, how is yo-all, an' how am de mahket?" asked Enoch.

"Oh! so-so, dey am all good Enoch," returned his broker friend amiably.

"Wuffoh does yo-all think am a good buy, Jarge."

"Well, ah doan know, but ah thinks dat de Pennsy Railroad am a good one."

"Ah thinks ah'll buy some o dat, Jarge."

'Now, wait, Enoch, Ah received today some stock o' de Oligazam Mining Company which am de bes' inves'ment dat ah knows except fo' de New Boston Oil Company, all o' which am seben pussent cumulative bonds which sells fo' ten dollahs a shah, an' which ah sho does considah a safe inves'ment. Yo' pays me half down an' in ten days ah gets fo' yo' a stock certificate fo' which yo' pays me de othah fifty pussent an' we calls it squah. Am dat cleah, Enoch?'"

"Do sho' sounds great to me, Jarge but wuffo' often do dem companies declah dividen's?'"

"Ebry six month."

"Ah guess Ah'll take two hundred shahs o' each off yo' han's right off de reel, yas sah ah sho' does."

Rastus Snobin was the next fish to be caught. Rastus came in to have a friendly chat, and for a while conversation lagged, when Rastus spouted all of a sudden:

"Wuffo' am a good buy ah asks yo' confidential-ly."

Jarge hemmed and hawed and consulted the stock report, and then answered:

"Dey sho' am all good inves'ments. De mahket sho' am bright today."

"Well, what am de best?'"

"Ah has heah some shas o' de New Boston Oil Company an' de Aligazam Mining Company. Bof companies am magnanomous an' inco-po-ated undah de laws o' New Jersey, an' which am de bes' speculation ah can advise."

Rastus fell and fell hard.

"What am de price an' de terms an' de intrus' an' all de puhtickulahs?'"

"De price am ten dollahs a shah, yo' pays half down an' de res' when yo' gets de certificate, an' de intrus' am seben pussent, payable ebry six month. Enoch Pinkemly jus' bought foh hundred shahs an' dat bird am lucky."

"Ah guess Ah'll take two hundred o' each. If dat Enoch Pinkemly buys an ahticle ah likes to get de seame kin', 'cause dat boy am lucky."

The first six months passed and the stockholders got their dividends, and from then on those stocks were selling at \$30.00 each share.

It so happened that Enoch Pinkemly needed some ready cash and sold his shares at \$30.00 to make up the deficit. When the next interest date came, the New Boston Oil Company and the Aligazam Mining Company did not declare dividends. Investigation followed, and every stockholder was "outa luck".

When the news circulated, every one went after "Jarge". It reminded many people of the battle of Bull Run. All those that didn't run are there yet—and believe me, everybody ran.

The last anyone ever heard of "Jarge" was that he was traveling with a medicine show, and Tycoon and Company are out of business for ever and a day.

A week later, Enoch Pinkemly and Rastus Snobin were discussing the recent calamity when Enoch made the laconic expression:

"Ah sho' wuz de lucky boy wiff dat speculation."

"How does yo-all mean? Yo-all had as many shahs as me."

"Ah sold mah shahs fo' thutty dollahs each."

"Yo' sho' wuz de lucky boy. Wh didn't yo' tell me yo' did dat? But let me lay mah han's on Tycoon an' Comp'ny!"



## THE TALBOARD INN

All day the snow had fallen softly, but toward dusk, which comes early on a winter's evening, the snow increased, the wind rose, and by dark, it had turned into a blinding snowstorm. A stranger on horseback was trying to fight his way through the storm, but the farther he advanced, the worse it became, until he was forced to stop and see where he was.

Now along the road he was traveling, halfway between Meenam and Mattapan, there stood an inn, called the Talboard Inn, or, as many chose to call it, the Half-way House. This inn served as a place of shelter to wayfarers, and especially at this time, during the revolution, many soldiers spent the night here. The rider found it impossible to continue his journey, so he spoke a few words to his horse, who went on. They soon came to the inn, where the horse turned, without any signal from his master. After the horse had been taken to the stable, the man entered the inn, and the door closed behind him.

He entered a bright, cheery room, to the one side of which was the innkeeper at his desk, and on the other side was a table, around which were seated eight men, drinking and carousing. The innkeeper did not seem a part of this scene. He looked up rather absently when the door opened, but his face brightened when he saw that our stranger wore an American army uniform. The soldier in low tones asked for a room, and after a few more whispered words to the innkeeper, went up the rickety stairs.

A dim light was burning on a stand in his room. He sat down near it and took from his pocket a letter addressed to General Washington, and spread it out on his knee. Having read and re-read it several times, he got up and began to pace the floor. "—arrival of another British ship—lies in Boston harbor—came in this afternoon, but will not unload until tomorrow after dawn—set your guns upon it—," he repeated over to himself. Then, having come to the decision that he dared not delay, he replaced the letter in his pocket and went downstairs.

"I don't believe it's safe," he said to the innkeeper, "to delay until tomorrow. I must get to Mattapan by dawn, and as the wind has ceased somewhat, I think I'd better try to go on." The men looked at him suspiciously, and some even rose to see him better. They were not accustomed to such a quiet, business-like person, and yet they liked his appearance and his manner.

The innkeeper followed him to the door, and watched him until he was swallowed up in the night, and then returned. Hardly had he closed the door when horses' hoofs were heard on the road outside, and soon the door opened and a redcoat entered. He peered at the men around the table, helped himself to a drink, and then went up to the innkeeper. He asked if there was any man at the inn who seemed as if he had an important mission to accomplish, and who was a soldier of the American army. The innkeeper, fearing for his country, quite honestly denied that there was such a man at the inn. It was apparent, by the actions of this British soldier that he wished to lay his hands upon the man of whom he spoke.

Carefully, the innkeeper led him into other matters of interest, and the men, joining in, finally resorted to the common method of passing an evening, and so they told tales and made merry. In the midst of a tale, told by one of the men, when the fair lady was being carried away by the goblin, the door opened and another

American soldier, of about thirty-five years, entered. He was very tall, and under the low doorway he seemed a veritable giant. He spoke a few words to the innkeeper, who answered him with a nod toward the redcoat, who heard him finish his answer with "—left just before he came in." The British soldier sensed the situation in an instant. With a bound, he stood between the innkeeper and the officer. "Why didn't you tell me that before?" and after a curse and a shot he was gone, leaving the door wide open. Several of the men ran after him, but he had fled.

Gradually the night wore on. The men, due to their drinking, slept heavily, but the innkeeper and the officer watched and talked, and then watched again. What was it they were waiting for?

Then came that dreadful darkness, just before dawn, when the blackness and the silence seem stifling, and man wishes for the dawn—and light. The silence became more oppressive, when slowly and noiselessly the door opened, and a figure stood before them, not a form of flesh and blood, but an indefinable something, which the innkeeper and his companion recognized immediately, partly by the stately figure, partly by the calm, quiet bearing.

Without a word, the figure pointed toward the window and vanished. In the darkness the officer groped his way to the window, and throwing aside the shutter, he beheld, along the horizon, a bright red glow, and he knew that, even unto death, his messenger had done his duty.

M. F. H., '23.

## RELIGION

Alas, if we were but wholesomely un-Christian, it would be impossible; It is our imaginary Christianity that helps us to commit these crimes, for we revel and luxuriate in our faith, for the lewd sensation of it; dressing it up, like everything else, in fiction. The dramatic Christianity of the organ and aisle, of dawn service and twilight revival—the Christianity which we do not fear to mix the mockery of, pictorially, with our play about the devil, in our Satanelles—Roberts,—Fausts, chanting hymns through traceried windows for background effect, and artistically modulating the "Dio" through variation on variation of mimicked prayer; (while we distribute tracts, next day, for the benefit of uncultivated swearers, upon what we suppose to be the signification of the Third Commandment;—this gas-lighted and gas-inspired Christianity we are triumphant in, and draw back the hem of our robes from the heretics who dispute it. But to do a piece of common Christian righteousness in a plain English word or deed; to make Christian law any rule of life, and found one National act or hope thereon,—we know too well what our faith comes to for that! You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion. You had better get rid of the smoke, and the organ pipe, both; leave them, and the Gothic windows, and the painted glass, to the property man; give up your carburetted hydrogen ghost in one healthy expiration, and look after Lazarus at the door-step. For there is a true Church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church which ever was, or ever shall be.—John Ruskin.

\* \* \*

All women become man-haters after they have failed to hook one.



# Special Feature

## FRESHMEN NE WYEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

In discussing the matter of Freshmen New Year's Resolutions with my classmates, I found that, besides making the usual resolutions to study as they had never studied before, and to do their best in everything, they all had resolved to especially observe ten different rulings. These rulings may be likened unto ten commandments, with a resolution for each commandment. Let all classes take heed, for doubtless there are many who could profit by the lowly Freshman's example:

I. Thou shalt use only the back doors of the administration building.

Resolved that this commandment will be strictly adhered to, regardless of rain, or hail, or sleet, or ice, or snow, or even the most urgent requests of an upperclassman.

II. Thou shalt open doors for faculty and upperclassmen.

Resolved that we shall continue to obey this commandment in spite of the fact that it affords us the utmost pleasure and delight to do so.

III. Thou shalt be especially observant of quiet hours.

Resolved, one and all, that this commandment shall never be broken. We will always keep in mind the old adage that "Freshmen should be seen and not heard."

IV. Thou shalt at all times give precedence to faculty, visitors, and upperclassmen.

Resolved that, being meek and humble Freshmen, we are highly honored at all times to keep this commandment.

V. Thou shalt rise at any time a person not of Freshman standing enters the room.

Resolved that whether we be lost in the depths of that most interesting of books—"History of Medieval Europe"—or whether we are in the throes of an intricate problem of Hawke's "Higher Algebra," we will gladly rise from our tasks in order to show due respect and reverence to the upperclassmen.

VI. Thou shalt answer door bells.

Resolved that from now on the official door tenders, who heretofore have been more or less (mostly more) neglectful of their duties, will turn over a new leaf, and it will no longer be necessary for an upperclassman to run down the stairs to answer the ringing calls of the men.

VII. Thou shalt not visit other girls' rooms between the hours of 7.30 and 10.00 P.M.

Resolved that henceforth and forever will this commandment be lived up to, even though there are eats in the other rooms, or even though pleasure, in the mild form of gossip, calls us away from the path of righteousness. This resolution, it must be noticed will show the remarkable strength of the Freshman's will power.

VIII. Thou shalt not loiter in the company of young men in the college building on the campus, in the restaurant, or in the town. Neither shalt thou go to the post office with men except during walking hours.

Resolved that even though the least one of us is oftentimes tempted to break this rule, we shall not yield to temptation, for yielding is sin. Indeed, when seeing a young man approaching us, we shall go in a different direction. If it is inconvenient to do this, we shall greet him with

a short "Hello" and coldly turn our heads. This is truly a sure method of keeping the eighth commandment.

IX. Thou shalt return to thy halls within fifteen minutes after the end of college affairs.

Resolved that the temptations of a light refreshment, or of taking a walk in the moonlight with the man shall be ignored, and this commandment be observed at all times and upon all occasions.

X. Thou shalt not go walking with a man on Sunday evening.

Resolved that this rule shall be strictly obeyed and that we girls will go to church on Sunday evening, even though that church be but the church in the wildwood.

These are the ten chief resolutions we have made in regard to our school life. We hope you think they are worthy resolutions, and appropriate to the season. In closing, we add the resolution that

"Every day let's be improving,  
Every day let's be more kind,  
Let's keep each good impulse moving.  
Thus, true happiness we'll find."

J. V. M., '26.

## THE WAY YOU CAME

Have you seen, when the rainbow linked Heaven to Earth,

With a bridge of rare gems of unnamable worth,  
And of manifold hues interblending, transcending,  
All the glories of monarchs in splendor contending?

Am I right, love, to think that it surely must be  
That by such jewelled pathway you came unto me?

Have you watched, as the moon flung a bridge o'er the sea

All of luminous silver, so light and so free,  
Its delicate arch spanned the turbulent ocean,  
As the light of our hope spans life's angry commotion?

Am I right, love, to think that it surely must be  
That by some such bright pathway you came unto me?

Have you seen a rose cloud slowly drift o'er the sky,

'Till it touched the rough crags of the mountain so high,  
And concealed its harsh outlines and hid its scarred breast,  
Softly crowned it with beauty it ne'er had possessed?

Thus my life at your coming was crowned now I see;

It was in a rose cloud that you came unto me.

Edward Baxter Perry.

If your wife drinks, likker.

Ever since the country went dry,—my wife makes me likker.

Some people ought to be eight day clocks, the way they're wound up.

\* \* \*

How many of our Christmas gifts and New Year pledges lie unused in some old trunk in a dark, dirty attic? Why not be practical?



## THE SCRAP HEAP

The early bird has to sit around and wait for the worm to get up.

One advantage in wearing a derby is that nobody wants to steal it.

Two can live as cheaply as one until the bills come in.

It takes a train only one second to win the decision over an auto.

No, Eleanor, Swedes do not come from Switzerland, nor do suede gloves come from Sweden.

A designer says that any girl can be beautiful if she has the right clothes, and we say any clothes can be beautiful if they have the right girl.

The fact that a fellow can pass the intelligence test does not prove that you can induce him to take off his coat and go to work.

Jess—"Has Nature ever accomplished the feat of jumping from summer to winter?"  
Frances—"Never without a fall."

### A Christmas Anthem

Oh! come all ye inventors,  
Hasten and be quick;  
Give us a boozeless mince pie  
That still has a kick.

### Christmas Stories

By Henry Grimm

"Mamma, how do you spell railroad train?"  
"Mamma, all the other boys have bicycles."  
"Mamma, buy papa some toys so I can play with mine."

Howard—"What are you going to give your girl for Christmas?"

Heber—"A five gallon can of strawberry flavored rouge."

Jack Dempsey says he can fight any man in the world on short notice. We often feel that way ourselves.

Girls about college powder their noses in public, so why can't the men shave in chapel?

It was either grand opera, a boilermaker's shop or a ship in distress that Prof. Grimm heard on the radio last night.

I cannot sing the old songs,  
The new ones are worse yet;  
But I always sing "how dry I am",  
Every chance I get.

Art—"What is your idea of a good time?"

Riedel—"My idea of a good time is sitting around wondering how tired I would get if I were not too lazy."

Helen Hostetter—"Who gave you that sore mouth?"

### Happy New Year

We really would like to know,  
And this isn't jokin',  
If any last year's resolves  
Haven't yet been broken.

## In the Kitchen

Chef—"Shall I teach you how to make doughnuts?"

Eleanor—"Yes, I'm interested, but I can't quite understand how you fix the inner tubes."

Innocent Frosh—"Say, are Bill Wenner and Weik twins? They are always together."

Fresh, in Math. Class—"The trench was six feet deep in depth."

Uneasy lies the head that tells a good many of them.

Perry—"Nobody gave it to me, I had to fight for it."

Quaid (looking for an English book)—"Why don't you have your books handy? Don't you need to study?"

Heilman—"No, books are only for people who can't think."

Now that the war is over, girls are knitting mufflers for Fords.

Freshman—"I am going to buy a sweater and knit it."

Richard Wenner—"I can walk faster on the ice when I am running."

"Hand me the Review of Reviews," she said.

The cook's eyes did flash;  
For another young waiter looked silently up,  
And silently passed the hash.

A little bit of mischief,  
A whole lot of sauce;  
Mix it together,—  
Behold, the Freshman class!

### In the Day Students' Room

Grace Stoner—"I'd love to go to the show this evening."

Flossie Groff—"Didn't he ask you?"

Grace (sobbing)—"Yes, but I don't know which one to take."

Weik—"I am so glad that we're small."

Martha—"Why?"

Weik—"We won't be watched so closely; the faculty knows that we are children."

### Hungry Herbs' Famous Poem

'Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,  
There's no place like home.

Says Nitrauer—"If you want to give a big Christmas gift, hire a truck and send a dollar's worth of rubles."

### An Answer Which the Seniors Might Receive In A. H. S.

Teacher—"What is a forest primeval?"

Pupil—"A forest primeval is a place where the hand of man never set foot on."

Senior—"What does New York have that Brooklyn doesn't?"

Wise Soph—"The other end of the bridge!"

Banquets should be held every week in order that all the students have a chance to clean up occasionally.



## LEBANON VALLEY DEFEATED BY GETTYSBURG

Lebanon Valley lost to Gettysburg on December 15, on Gettysburg's home floor. This was the Blue and White's first basketball game of the season. The boys put up a fight, but it, being their first game, they didn't have the team work that was necessary. We have a fast basketball team, and we know this is not a real showing of what they can do. The Battlefield boys succeeded in scoring 37 points against our 10. Summary and line-up:

Lebanon Valley	Gettysburg
Forward.....Metoxin	Bream
Forward.....Wm. Wolfe	Emanuel
Center.....Walter Wolfe	Gehart
Guard.....Clarkin	Fisher
Guard.....Homan	Barbasser

Score—Lebanon Valley, 10; Gettysburg, 37

Referee—C. W. Miller, Harrisburg Y. M. C. A.  
Timekeeper—Fay. Scorers—Weiser, Gettysburg;  
Rury, Lebanon Valley.

Substitutions: Lebanon Valley—Krause for  
Walter Wolfe; Walter Wolfe for Clarkin;  
Weuschinski for Homan.

### Important Questions

Shall the sea be dry?  
Do married men make the best husbands?  
Where did you get that hat?  
Where do we go from here?  
Why did they skip 'skipper'?  
Why was Sweitzer Cheese?  
Why is R. Beard?  
Who likes TB?  
Does he like Herr?  
Is Anna Long?  
Is Heber Mutch?  
Did he Weaver?  
Is Wilbur Weiser?  
Is Harry Lloyd White?  
Would Cleon Musser?  
Henry Wilt thou?

\* \* \*

You might be a dumb-bell, but you're not the whole gymnasium.

You might be a pain, but you're not transparent.

You might be a gas tank, but don't act as a jet.

You might be a calendar, you're so full of dates.

You might be bald-headed, but you're mighty hairy.

\* \* \*

I'm a typewriter, tickle me.

\* \* \*

Fifty per cent of our women take exercise to reduce their weight, while the other 50 per cent take exercise to increase their weight. The important question is: How do they know which way it is going to work?

\* \* \*

A man is not truly great in America until he has accomplished the inevitable—i. e., Death.

\* \* \*

"I should be pleased to do you a little service at any time," remarked the undertaker to the student.

\* \* \*

When the stomach is empty,

\* \* \*

Be sure that you teach nothing to the people but what is certainly to be found in the Scriptures.—Bishop Taylor.

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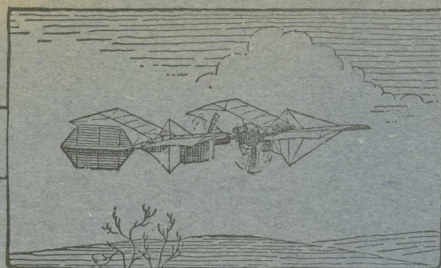
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MODEL IN FLIGHT ~

## "The way of an Eagle in the air"

**C**ENTURY after century men broke their necks trying to fly. They had not troubled to discover what Solomon called "the way of an eagle in the air."

In 1891 came Samuel Pierpont Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. He wanted facts. His first step was to whirl flat surfaces in the air, to measure the air pressures required to sustain these surfaces in motion and to study the swirls and currents of the air itself. Finally, in 1896, he built a small steam-driven model which flew three-quarters of a mile.

With a Congressional appropriation of \$50,000 Langley built a large man-carrying machine. Because it was improperly launched, it dropped into the Potomac River. Years later, Glenn Curtiss flew it at Hammondsport, New York.

Congress regarded Langley's attempt not as a scientific experiment but as a sad fiasco and

refused to encourage him further. He died a disappointed man.

Langley's scientific study which ultimately gave us the airplane seemed unimportant in 1896. Whole newspaper pages were given up to the sixteen-to-one ratio of silver to gold.

"Sixteen-to-one" is dead politically. Thousands of airplanes cleave the air—airplanes built with the knowledge that Langley acquired.

In this work the Laboratories of the General Electric Company played their part. They aided in developing the "supercharger," whereby an engine may be supplied with the air that it needs for combustion at altitudes of four miles and more. Getting the facts first, the Langley method, made the achievement possible.

What is expedient or important today may be forgotten tomorrow. The spirit of scientific research and its achievements endure.

General  Electric  
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.